CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

VOLUME 2. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1856. NUMBER 39.

Christian Spiritualist,

PUBLISHED BY

SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE,

At No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

The Christian Spiritualist is published every Saturday

at Two Dollars per annum. Three copies for the first half year. SINGLE COPIES—Five Cents. Clubs who pay in advance for five subscribers, to one address - - - - - $7 50

Five subscribers to one address - - - - 10 00

All letters and communications should be addressed to the AGENT FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE, and not to the Christian Spiritualist, No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

HUMAN LIFE.

BY S. M. PETERS, S. B.

Reader, do you live in the country? Do you live where the air is pure, and the water clear, with the birds to sing your matin, and vesper songs in the Spring and Summer, and the golden tints of Autumn to dress up the dying year as the spirit of the departed is dressed, as it passes away to the spirit world? Do you, when the toil of the day is done, take the old Bible from the stand, and as you reverently read it, and think of your sainted mother long gone, intuitively feel her hallowed presence over and around you? And at such times do you not feel that life is sweet, and God and heaven very near?

Dear reader, you may be in possession of a competency of this world's goods, you may enjoy the forms of religion as you understand it, but comparatively, you know nothing of human life. You see mostly the bright side of the picture, and oh, I wish there was no other side, but life in the country, and life in the city, are opposite ends of existence in this sphere. What a stream of life is pouring down Broadway, and whither does it tend? That great torrent of humanity is rushing along, regardless of any thing, and every thing beyond the present life. Its hopes, its heaven, its all, have a resting place on Broadway, or on the streets and lanes leading therefrom. And what a motley mass is that stream of human life, silks and satins, tradeths, and velvets, rags and tatters, mix and circle in that undulating tide. There go two girls with bare feet upon the icy walk, and another looks aged and bent, and scarcely covered with rags, is poking among the ashes in the barrels that stand on the curb stone before the stores for some stray bits of coal and half burnt cinders, to warm her shivering frame in some miserable hole that she calls home. Poor old thing, how she struggles to keep soul and body together, as if life was worth living for. What does she want in this world?—Why not die, and go to a better place or else go to sleep? And those two bare-footed girls, what is the object have they to be honest and poor? They might dress in costly apparel, and wear jewels, and live a short butterfly life, and die, if they only would. But what makes that old woman stop picking ashes so suddenly, and gaze wistfully into her hand? A passing tabob dropped a penny on the cold pave. True as the gospel I saw him do it. And now he hurries on, feeling that he has squared his account with heaven for the next twenty-four hours. On the fence stone of the park fence sits a woman holding two infants of perhaps a year old. They look enough alike to be twins, and they are dirty and ragged enough to be her children, but after all, they may have been borrowed for the occasion from two different mothers. What if they have, is it any worse for that woman to live by begging than it is for the man who gave away a ship just now, to clear fifty thousand dollars on a little speculation in dry goods? In the first case a woman who knew no possible way to engage in an honest calling, practices deception to excite sympathy, and extort a few pennies from several benevolences. In the second case, a thousand slaves have been overworked to grow the cotton; a thousand factory girls have labored on starvation allowance to spin and weave the cloth; and fifty calico printers have toiled early and late for poor house wages, in order that a New York dealer in dry goods may become a millionaire. And he, poor man, lives a life of disquietude, of anxious days, and sleepless nights, for his "victuals and clothes." Death will tap him on the shoulder one of these days, and then he will prepare for his passage over Jordan, by bequeathing a handsome sum for the erection of a magnificent church edifice, with stained window glass to shut out the sunlight and cushioned seats where fashionable worshippers may get religion easy, and have their souls saved for a thousand dollars a year. Here comes an Irishman staggering under a barrel of flour, strapped to his back. He is a porter for a provision store, and is carrying it to a customer. He waddles along without looking to the right or the left, and a superficial observer might suppose he was contented with his coarse dirty clothing and meagre wages. Don't believe any such thing. That Irishman has a warm heart, and plenty of mother wit. He knows that craft and cunning, have deprived him of his God-given rights in the world; he sees no way to obtain them, and he turns to his religion for comfort, when his physical energies are exhausted, and his children asking for more bread. He lives on faith. He believes the time is coming when he shall occupy a high seat in the kingdom, and look down on the whole heretical crew, who now oppress him. Don't disturb his faith, it is all the comfort he has. And after all he may be right. There may be a great truth embodied in this passage of Scripture, "The first shall be last, and the last first."

Two ladies pass along now from door to door, soliciting subscriptions for the establishment of a store to provide *poor seamstresses* with steady employment. These ladies are delicately and intellectually beautiful. Evidently, they have been reared in the lap of opulence, and never knew want.—What moved them on this cold winter's day to leave their pianos, and brave the cold refusal of some, and the illy concealed contempt of others in the pursuit of an unpopular object. Ah, there hangs a tale. Ye, princely nabobs, who dwell in marble palaces; ye, interested hirelings, who retail the word of God for annual thousands, ye cannot conceal the almighty fact from the public mind, that a revolution is going on in the world, that has no parallel in the annals of human life.—The Spirit of God is moving over the waters, and entering into every earthly tabernacle, that is fitted for its reception. These ladies have felt the "leadings of the Spirit." They are beginning to unfold Spiritually, and to perceive that Christianity must reach out its long arms and encircle all humanity in its loving embrace. Perhaps they are a little selfish; perhaps they expect to gain popularity, and notoriety in the work of benevolence. Well, what of it. This is the sphere of self-love, and if selfishness in any shape can be productive of good, for humanity's sake, let it stick out. But who are these seamstresses, whose wants have called out this expression of sympathy, where sympathy for vulgar suffering was not supposed to have an abiding place. Does the world outside of Gotham know that hundreds of women obtain their livelihood by plying their needles in back garrets from sunrise to sunset for two or three shilling a day? Does it know that these women are frequently out of work entirely, with no choice but starvation or infamy? Knowing this, can the world wonder that New York contains twenty-six hundred brothels, inhabited by ten times that number of women, who are degraded below the brute creation? Are they lost beyond redemption? I don't believe they are. Let us go to Jesus now, and see what he says about it, when answering the chief priests and elders. "Verily I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you." The case is not hopeless then, they may be saved.

Turn now to human life in another aspect. John B. Dodds, the great exploder of Spiritualism, lectured last night (Jan. 29,) in the Stuyvesant Institute, in favor of the reality of angel ministration. Two years ago, I listened to him in the Tabernacle at Troy. Then, he spoke, or was supposed to speak, on the other side. He treated the Spiritualists of Troy respectfully, but he warned them to beware of the delusion, by which they were captivated. At the close of his lecture in Troy, he was congratulated by certain members of the clergy, as the successful demolisher of the arch-heresy. But time, the tester of all things, in the short space of two years, has rolled Dr. Dodds over to the other side. I went to the Institute to hear him again, and lo, what a change. It seems by his story, that Dr. Dodds has held converse with Spirits fifty years. Yet, the bright visions that passed before him, were dissipated by the materialism of the world, and by his own researches, and discoveries in physical and mental sciences. Revelation after revelation has been made to him, yet they only stimulated him to dive deeper into the mysterious laws of mind, and finding something always to explain, as he supposed, by mundane causes the appearance of the celestial visions; he relapsed again to the materiality of earth. Recently, however, he was lifted while sitting in his chair, by an unseen power to a distance from the floor, chair and all. This manifestation in contravention of the law of gravitation, the Doctor had no explanation for, in his philosophy. Again, he was informed by a Spirit that his daughter at the South was alive and well, although her death had been reported in the papers. The Spirit appeared in a human form, and assured him that the report was false, and his daughter alive which proved to be correct. He seems to have no fear of losing his faith again, inasmuch as all his investigations in mental and physical sciences, have ultimated in the grand science of the soul.

But what if Dr. Dodds *has* become a Spiritualist? and what if Professor Mattison and every clergyman in this country follows suit, what good will it add? That is the question now. Is religion to become a practical thing? or is the world to go on as it goes now? Must we still have millionaires and paupers? Must the preacher of the Gospel "dress in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day," while little girls and women with infants in their arms, stand along Broadway in this piercing cold winter, and vend newspapers and candy till ten o'clock at night, to avoid starvation. Does Spiritualism propose to remedy the monstrous evils that curse human life, and make Christianity a mockery hardly worth laughing at, or is the religious farce to be played over again, on a new stage with new scenery? That Spiritualism is true, cannot be refuted; the opposition is powerless. All that is said against it now, comes from a few drowsy individuals, but just started up from a Rip Van Winkle sleep, to echo the stereotyped egotistical nothingness of their predecessors of seven years ago. They have never been in our way; they are not now, but are we not in our own way? Are we working for humanity, or for self? I would not be a croaker, neither would I stand idly by, and see this child of heaven, that is now able to dispute with the "doctors in the temple," assume the garb of priestcraft, and convert the living waters of eternal life into merchandise. Look to it, my brethren, be careful that you do not use the gifts of God to pile up gold.—Spiritualism in its worst form, is a step in advance of theology, for theology has nothing but faith to offer, and Spiritualism is positive knowledge. But knowledge may be perverted to unholy purposes, and rendered worse than useless. It cannot be disputed, that there are Spiritualists, prominently known to the public, who are driving a lucrative trade on the basis of Spiritualism. But there are others, unknown to the outside world, whose names are never seen in print, in connection with this movement, who annually give thousands to spread the light of the Spiritual sun upon the benighted inhabitants of earth. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

Another phase of human life. I sit at the table during meals by the side of a Shaker lady, from New Labanon. Her extremely unfashionable dress and white lace cap would cut a sorry figure in the estimation of a modern dandy. But some *men* have very little affection for a female dress of any kind, unless there is a *woman* inside of it. I belong to that class, and it required but a brief space to discover a *living woman* inside of the unfashionable garb of a Shaker. There was a calm dignity in her demeanor, a firm selfhood in her deportment, a flashing intelligence in her eyes, a conscious virtue beaming over and around the whole, that towered in its unassuming grandeur above, the pomp, pride, and circumstance of a vain world. She seemed not to regard the external affairs of the world, and yet she was posted up in all the machinery of human life. She conversed readily and fluently on every topic, that I could introduce.

At the same table sits brother Evans, a Shaker from the same village and a Spiritual writer and philosopher. I feel drawn to him as to an indulgent father, for he makes a world of allowance, for my ignorance and materiality, and leads me along gently to the unfolding realities of the journey of life. What strange people these Shakers are, and how little they are known to the world. Since their first existence as a sect, they have lived up in a practical sense to all the requirements of Temperance, Chastity, Industry, Economy, and all the essential duties of Christianity. Consequently, crime, poverty, and nearly all human ills, are unknown among them, and themselves are unknown, or nearly so, even in the immediate vicinities of their several localities. If known at all, it is merely as mad fanatics, who "play fantastic tricks before high heaven in the way of religious worship. Mr. Evans informs me, that they kept their Meeting House closed at Lebanon, and discontinued outward worship, for the space of four years, lest they should be arrested and confined as lunatics. At our boarding house, we were entertained one evening this week by two singers of the Shaker society. One was the lady referred to above, the other a sister who accompanies her. Their songs are given to them by the inspiration of Spirits through media. The songs sang and the tunes come together, and are committed to memory. One of the songs was exquisitely sweet, and by request of the company, was repeated. All the songs were good but this one had a liquid melody in its combinations and modulations, that poured upon the heart like honey on a hot rock. At a late hour we retired, and in the morning, the chair by my side at the table was vacant. My Shaker friend had left for home at a very early hour. My blessing go with you, dear child of innocence, we shall meet again somewhere, perhaps not before we have passed the border. Such is human life—my life. I have found friends and been separated from them, to go out alone again and form new attachments to be sundered again until I have learned to suffer and be patient. "All whom I ever loved, are loved still," all that I ever admired is daguereotyped on my memory. The friends of former days revealed to me, in visions of the past, as the wild roses of blooming among the thorns that have bordered the pathway of my pilgrimage.

Broadway again. There it goes, that some everlasting stream of human life, bound for eternity by the way of Wall street. On both sides of the way it pours along from seven in the morning till ten at night. If all the black and white slaves in Europe and America, should cut their life lines tonight, and drift over Jordan, that stream of human life would stop. The merchant princes of New York stand between the producer and consumer of both hemispheres, and control the prices of sale and purchase. Who can estimate the evils that result from this mercantile tyranny. An endless eternity will be hardly long eneugh to redress the wrongs inflicted upon humanity by a combined system of stupendous speculation, that in every possible way filches the last farthing from the pocket of the needy by taking advantage of his necessities.

But where is this stream of human life going, to square up the great book of eternity? The latitude and longitude of the "house of correction," known under the various names of Tophet, Hades, Purgatory, &c., has long been a matter of mere conjecture to theologians, commentators, and others, whose *wants and inclinations* led them in that direction. But of late an extensive circulation of the writings of Swedenborg, together with the revelations of Spiritualism, assisted again by the theories of the pulpit and the press, seem to establish the fact beyond contradiction, that Pandemonium lies directly above us. To this proposition, there is but one dissenting voice. Father Walworth says, that the first suburb of hell lies twenty-one miles below the surface of the earth. It should be remembered, however, that father Wolworth hails from Saratoga, where they dig *down* for mineral water, and every thing else. His educational proclivities may have turned his inspiration upside down. The overwhelming majority settles the question for the present, that the place of Spiritual punishment is above us, and heaven still higher up. There is no alternative therefore, but to pass thro' hell to get to heaven. This seems to be the reason why the clergy are so fearful of investigating the mysterious road that leads from this world to a better. As often as they set out on the journey, they burnt their noses, and seeing no prospect of opening a northwest passage leading around the difficulty, they concluded not to go any where, but to preach of a theoretical heaven, that had no real existence. In this respect, their preaching is much like the advice of the old woman, who said to her boys, "my children, when you go a fishing, don't go near the water, for you always get drowned," and in the same strain, the clergy say "my hearers, when you go to heaven, don't go *any where*, for you always go to the wrong place.

Human life is a theme that poetry can never exhaust, and human life is a fact too important to be left to theory or speculation. Where does the journey of life end? Does it ever end? Are we not Spirits now? If we are, we must live on through a life that knows no abrupt termination or cessation. The intuitive knowledge of this excites that excruciating curiosity to know the future, that priestcraft could never entirely subdue. We have looked into the future of existence, and we find the avenues of Spirit-life at the very outset, swarming with lying Spirits. But still we are pushing on undeterred by obstacles of every kind. If the clergy had gone into the investigation with us years ago, if the press had treated the subject with that respect which every subject demands, we might have been far in advance of where we are. But they all opposed it, and having exhausted all imaginable and unimaginable theories, they have settled down at last on what constituted one of our first discoveries, namely, that the earth is surrounded by ignorant unprogressed, and mischievous Spirits, who have about as many absurd and incontistent theories of a future life as are found in the dogmas of sectarian theology. We hear this admission almost daily from the press, almost weekly from the pulpit. Having admitted this, we can ask nothing more at present from that quarter. The admission made by the opposition, amounts in fact to a virtual abandonment of the whole case on their part. That the first sphere of the invisible world should abound with ignorant and lying Spirits, is no marvel to any man who is well posted up in the conditions, wants, and evils of human life on earth, or in christendom at least. To say there are no good Spirits around us, because we know there are bad ones, is just as unreasonable as it would be to say, there are no honest men in the world, because we know there are dishonest ones.

We know that good men and women go into the most infamous dens of New York on missions of love, and not only preserve their own integrity amid the most tempting and debasing influences, but more, they bring away with them some of the degraded beings who inhabit those dens, and restore them to society and to *themselves*, and start them on the road to heaven. Knowing this, shall we say that pure Spirits cannot force their way to us through those hordes of false Spirits who have laid up treasures on earth, and by a dissolution from their bodies, are enabled to rise scarcely one degree above the atmosphere of the earth life.

With the Rev. Mr. Hough of the *New Church Herald*, I repudiate the practice of going to the Spirits for commentaries on the Bible, and for the same reason, I would keep away from the clergy, for their commentaries are equally contradictory and inconsistent. We have seen two conventions of late years, assembled to compare notes and correct the Bible. One composed of Spiritualists and other reformers, met at Hartford, Ct., the other made up of sectarian clergymen met at St. Louis, Mo., and the remarks made upon the Bible by the speakers at both conventions, were the same in substance, and nearly so in phraseology. The warning then, to avoid Spirits out of the form, holds good with Spirits in the form. The only way I can see, is to "*try the Spirits*" in all cases. And I believe the time is not far distant, when all will regret, that they did not "let that old Bible be."—The new version demanded by the Baptish Church on one hand, and by the Episcopal Church on the other, may meet the narrow minds of a few priest ridden bigots; but instead of strengthening those denominations, it will weaken their already tottering walls. Mark me, ye gospel hirelings, ye may save your salaries for a few years longer, but the very means of your temporal salvation destroys the infallibility of the Bible forever. How consistent it is to hear a church call for a new version of the Bible, and pronounce the Spirits diabolical and devilish for doing the same.

[To be continued.]

MACAULAY AND THE QUAKERS.

As there are two sides to most things, very naturally it comes to pass that "some folks" mistake the one for the other, and persist in their error, even when said error is pointed out.

Of this class is Thomas B. Macaulay, the English historian. We say of this class, for his opposition and dislike of the Quakers, abundantly proves his liability to human *weakness*. In illustration of which we quote the following from a late review in the *N. Y. Tricune.—Ed. Ch. Spt.*

"In his previous volumes Mr. Macaulay made a vehement attempt to blacken the fame of William Penn, which has since, however, found able defenders in various quarters. He continues the same work in these volumes with unrelenting animosity. He calls in question his moral purity, accuses him of scandalous hypocrisy and direct falsehood. Indeed, his prejudice against Penn seems to extend to the Quakers in general. With an utter obtuseness to the noble ethical ideas which were involved in that movement which led George Fox "to make to himself a complete suit of leather," he regards him as a mere vulgar fanatic, who has less title to sit for his portrait than to sit in the pillory.

While London was agitated by the news that a plot had been discovered, George Fox, the founder of the sect of Quakers, died.

More than forty years had elapsed since Fox had begun to see visions and to cast out devils. He was then a youth of pure morals and grave deportment, with a perverse temper, with the education of a laboring man, and with an intellect in the most unhappy of all states—that is say, too much disordered for liberty, and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam. The circumstances in which he was placed were such as could scarcely fail to bring out in the strongest form the constitutional disease of his mind. At the time when his faculties were ripening, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, were striving for mastery, and were in every corner of the realm, refuting and reviling each other. He wandered from congregation to congregation; he heard priests harangue against Puritans; he heard Puritans harangue against priests; and he in vain applied for spiritual direction and consolation to doctors of both parties. One jolly old clergyman of the Anglican communion told him to smoke tobacco and sing psalms, another advised him to go and lose some blood. The young inquirer turned in disgust from these advisers to the Dissenters, and found them also blind guides. After some time he came to the conclusion that no human being was competent to instruct him in divine things, and that the truth had been communicated to him by direct inspiration from Heaven. He argued that, as the division of languages began at Babel, and as the persecutors of Christ put on the cross an inscription in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, the knowledge of languages, and more espeeially of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, must be useless to a Christian minister. Indeed, he was so far from knowing many languages, that he knew none; nor can the most corrupt passage in Hebrew be more unintelligible to the unlearned than his English often is to the most acute and attentive reader.

One of the precious truths which were divinely revealed to this new apostle was, that it was falsehood and adulation to use the second person plural instead of the second person singular. Another was, that to talk of the month of March was to worship the bloodthirsty god Mars, and that to talk of Monday was to pay idolatrous homage to the moon. To say Good morning or Good evening, was highly reprehensible, for those phrases evidently imported that God had made bad days and bad nights. A Christian was bound to face death itself rather than touch his hat to the greatest of mankind. When Fox was challenged to produce any Scriptural authority for this dogma, he cited the passage in which it is written that Shadrach, Meschech and Abednego were thrown into the fiery furnace with their hats on; and, if his own narrative may be trusted, the Chief Justice of England was altogether unable to answer this argument except by crying out, "Take him away, jailor." Fox insisted much on the not less weighty argument that the Turks never show their bare heads to their superiors; and he asked, with great animation, whether those who bore the noble name of Christians ought not to surpass Turks in virtue. Bowing he strictly prohibited, and, indeed, seemed to consider it as the effect of Satanical influence; for, as he observed, the woman in the Gospel, while she had a spirit of infirmity, was bowed together, and ceased to bow as soon as Divine power had liberated her from the tyranny of the Evil One.

His expositions of the sacred writings were of a very peculiar kind. Passages which had been, in the apprehensions of all the readers of the Gospels during sixteen centuries, figurative, he construed literally. Passages, which no human being before him had ever understood in any other than a literal sense, he construed figuratively. Thus, from those rhetorical expressions in which the duty of patience under injuries is enjoined, he deduced the doctrine that self-defense against pirates and assassins is unlawful. On the other hand the plain commands to baptize with water, and to partake of bread and wine in commemoration of the redemption of mankind, he pronounced to be allegorical. He long wandered from place to place teaching this strange theology, shaking like an aspen leaf in his paroxysms of fanatical excitement, forcing his way into churches, which he nicknamed steeple-houses, interrupting prayers and sermons with clamor and scurrility, and pestering rectors and justices with epistles much resembling burlesques of those sublime odes in which the Hebrew prophets foretold the calamities of Babylon and Tyre. He soon acquired great notoriety by these feats. His strange face, his strange chant, his immovable hat and his leather breeches were known all over the country; and he boasts that, as soon as the rumor was heard, "The Man in Leather Breeches is coming," terror seized hypocritical professors, and hireling priests made haste to get out of his way. He was repeatedly imprisoned and set in the stocks, sometimes justly, for disturbing the public worship of congregations, and sometime unjustly, for merely talking nonsense. He soon gathered round him a body of disciples, some of whom went beyond himself in absurdity. He has told us that one of his friends walked naked through Skipton declaring the truth, and that another was divinely moved to go naked during several years to market-places, and to the houses of gentlemen and clergymen. Fox complains bitterly that these pious acts, prompted by the Holy Spirit, were requited by an untoward generation with hooting, pelting, coachwhipping and horsewhipping. But, though he applauded the zeal of the sufferers, he did not go quite to their lengths. He sometimes, indeed, was impelled to strip himself partially. Thus he pulled off his shoes and walked barefoot through Litchfield, crying: "Woe to the bloody city." But it does not appear that he ever thought it his duty to appear before the public without that decent garment from which his popular appelation was derived."

GENESIS AND GEOLOGY.

The following letter, from the *San Francisco Chronicle*, is well worthy the attention of the thoughtful reader; both for the subject matter discussed, and the authorities quoted. The issues made by theologians on the advocates of science, must give way before the light and knowledge of respectful criticism; for truth is not only *consistent* with itself, but harmonious in all its relations. And in few departments of inquiry will this kind of criticism be so effectual, as in that physico-theology, which for centuries has quarreled with science, and trampeled on the rights of *honest* investigation. Where, however, *opinions* offset *one another*, nothing but the *facts* of *nature* and the revolutions of science, can end the antagonisms and harmonize the parties.

YREKA, Nov. 28, 1855.

Editors Chronicle:—I read with much interest in your paper a short report of a lecture delivered by Dr. W. O. Ayres, in your city, on the subject of "Geology in connection with Scripture." Permit me to draw the attention of your readers to the theory advanced by J. G. Palfrey: and when I mention his name I must speak a word of him. J. G. Palfrey, L. L. D., is a Unitarian clergyman of Massachusetts. He was for some years Professor of the Hebrew language and literature in Harvard College, and subsequently a member of Congress. He is the author of a work on the Hebrew Literature and Antiquities, and of another on the Evidences of Christianity; and, although he is little spoken of, yet he is really one of the best writers on the American continent; far superior in ability to those ordinarily referred to as confering the most honor on our country. The position which he held at Harvard is security that he taught no doctrine peculiarly offensive to the Unitarian community.

Thus much as a preface to Palfrey's theory, the which may appear offensive to the Orthodox, or even to Unitarians, who have given the subject a hearing. Palfrey says that Genesis is not inspired, and was not given as inspired by Moses. He (Moses) obtained the information from tradition, and he gave it for what it was worth as a proper introduction to the inspired books of the law, and to the history of Israel. He (Palfrey) says: "If we assume Moses to have been divinely instructed in what he has recorded in Genesis, we do it altogether without authority from him. Communication received from the Deity and recorded in the later books of the Pentateuch, he announces as such, saying repeatedly, 'the Lord spoke unto Moses,' and 'the Lord said unto me.' But neither this language nor any equivalent anywhere occurs in Genesis. The reasons of the case would not justify the supposition.

"The introduction of a pure religious system into an idolatrous world is very proper matter for a direct revelation, nor without such revelation could Moses or any other man become possessed of it. Not so with historical materials. On the one hand, the need of them is not so urgent; and on the other, it is the common course of things for them to be collected and handed down in a more or less pure and trustworthy state. Each age instructs its successor; nor is it to be doubted that notices, such as they were, of earlier times, existed in the time of Moses, as in every other period since there was anything to record or report. The actual existence of such notices before Moses' time is referred to on the face of the record. Different parts of the composition are marked by varieties of style and language, effectually distinguishing them from one another, and indicating that they had several sources. The contents of such parts are sometimes of a nature to show that they not only had not a common origin, but that they were not elaborated by Moses when they came into his hands, so as to make one consecutive and consistent narrative. I think we shall have occasion to own that different portions, distinguished by the diversities of style referred to, sometimes repeat and sometimes, which is of yet more consequence, contradict one another."

Archbishop Whately, in a late work on the Rise, Progress and Corruptions of Christianity, gives it as his opinion that the account of the Creation, and of some of the earliest events recorded in Genesis, "was committed to writing long before the time of Moses," and was a tradition of an ancient revelation.

UNITARIAN.

A GOLDEN THOUGHT.—Nature will be reported All things are engaged in writing her history. The plant goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channel in the soil, and the animal its bones in the stratum; the fern and the leaf leave their modest epitaph in the coal. The falling drop makes its sculpture in sand or stone; not a footstep in the snow or along the ground but prints in characters more or less lasting, a map of its march; every act of the man inscribes itself on the memories of its fellows, and its face. The air is full of sound, the sky of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object is covered over with hints which speak to the intelligent.

Christian Spiritualist.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 2, 1856.

GOD IN PROVIDENCE AND HISTORY.

No true Reformer should be insensible to the study of, and the correct use of language, since it is the *media* through which he is to make his idea manifest to the age, perchance the ages, and bring them into *rapport* with pure reason and harmonious thought. This has been a favorite thought with many of our old thinkers—for their own labors convinced them that an understanding of *terms* are the necessary conditions for a rational agreement. Indeed, John Locke and Voltaire insisted on *exactness* in the use of language as of the first importance; and most Catholic reasoners, since their time respect their wisdom in this, whatever they may think of the metaphysics of the one, or the Skepticism of the other.

One thing, however, makes it almost a matter of impossibility for any amount of wisdom in the use of language, to save us from apparent contradiction in terms and antagonism in argument, for the *limitations* of thought and observation, *must* be taken for the *time* as the ultimate of analysis. and the exact significancy of the word. This is inevitable, both from the nature of the human mind, and the bias it gets from education, as all history and experience prove. Naturally enough, therefore, the putting of "*new wine* into old bottles," or *new facts* into old definitions, must for a time cause mystification if not confusion. An understanding of this truth will explain both the concessions of the old, and many of the controversies of the new schools of philosophy, and enable the student to construct a method which enriches, while it simplifies other departments of thought and inquiry.

Thus the thought outlined in the heading of this article, has had, and still has every shade of meaning from nothingarianism and virtual atheism, to the most vague and indefinite generalisms in the mysteries of special providence; all of which have been most natural to the schools from which they emanated. It may be safely affirmed, however, that there has been, as yet, little *fixed* thought on the subject, as *confusion* still lives and reigns in our popular schools both of science and theology. Still, the presence of God in history has attracted the attention of some of our best thinkers, and with them is becoming an article of faith and philosophy, because *progression* comprehends the manifestations of all time, and the developments of the Ages. The formal religionist may appropriate the *activities* of the All Father to the *past*, and the equally formal scientificist may dispense with God in nature as an *unnecessary* force, but if there is any meaning in the words,—God and government—the former is as necessary to providence and history as the latter is needed to harmonize the advent of the Ages. The Doctrine of Providence therefore cannot become a generally accepted thought until the intelligence of the age is brought to understand that it comprehends the developments of science, and that *history* is the common treasure house of both, as it contains the manifestations of God to the Ages. This definition of God in history is capable of harmonization with every department of knowledge, because it is *unitary* in character and consistent with the acknowledged attributes of God Himself. All theories, therefore, that do not thus define the relations of the All Father to the unfoldings of life's drama, either tend to or ultimate in virtual atheism for God by speciality, or limitation, is removed from the government of the *world* and the ministrations of His providence. The theory, therefore, that made God an appendage of some family, age or nation, though natural to the infancy of the race, was imperfect, and long since has been done away in the life labors and teaching of Christ and his Apostles; for the philosophy that predicates the falling of a sparrow, or the numbering the hairs of the head, as characteristic of that government, and that intelligence that ministers to the wants of life, can*not* in safety to the teachings of Jesus, be made partial or of none effect. The limitations of this truth in our old theologies, for the purpose of making and keeping the Mahomedan's, Hindoos, Chinese, and other nations "*heathens*," have not only disgraced the teachings of popular Christianity, but contradicted the plain language of the Bible, which declare that "Of *one* blood, God had created *all the Nations* to dwell upon the face of the Earth," for "He hath created us, and not we ourselves."

The consequences of this error, however, did not, and does not end here, for in one form or another, it has prompted the apology for, if it has not authorized much of the persecution and cruelty common to all partial and sectional religions. This in part, however, is done away, but only in part, for the theology that makes the advent of Spiritualism a manifestation of evil, so far recognizes the presence of discord and inharmony in the government of the world, as to make antagonism and contradiction inevitable. It seems so ridiculous in itself, that sober sense turns from the task of putting on paper not only the preposterous but *blasphemous* idea, that marks the nineteenth century as *cursed* above its fellows, by the advent of the "devil and his angels." Could reason, however, stoop from her high sphere to recognize such a monstrous *violation* of the great unitary conception, which in *prayer* and *praise* makes God the author of all life and progress; there are many questions to be disposed of, which have special reference to the sphere of conjecture and doubt, all of which destroy the unity of language, the harmony of thought, and the exercise of that faith, which has ever made God:

> The Father of all! in every age,
> In every clime adored,
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove and Lord.

Spiritualism, when understood, *must* be accepted as the end of all analysis and the ultimate as well as the origin of all refinement, for it comes as a corrective to these monster errors of the ages; and whether its significance is contemplated from the *eclective* stand-point, where science, philosophy, and history surround it like guardian angels, or from the more *matter of fact* plane of our own time, its authority is equally potent in vindication of the unity of nature and the universality of providence. Were it otherwise, progress, which is but another word for Redemption, and which has got to be the watch word and soul utterance of the age, would be a sweet delusion, calculated to charm the enthusiast and the dreamer, rather than the solid basis of eternal growth, on and by virtue of which

> All ages are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose voices, nature's echoing, are and God the soul.

This *sectionalism* in time, which comes from a reluctant acknowledgment of the universals of God's government, is not exclusively *confined* to the bigoted in theology and the materialistic in science, for it lives in many forms among the creeds and isms of the age. Indeed, there are those, who profess to be of the Spiritual family, who seem to think *progress* cannot be respected or sufficiently dignified, without the *past* is *sacrificed* to its honor and glory. With this class, the Bible *in particular* is a stumbling block, and Christ a stone of offence.

Thanks, however, to a better spirit and a more genial philosophy, a change is coming to all this, and men are commencing to judge with a "righteous judgment" the course of events, and understand the method of progress. And when understood, life will be rounded by the reflected harmonies, which makes knowledge in other departments of universal history so instructive; for the presence of God will be recognized, not only in the various stages of its development, but in the wise adaptations, which makes *activity* pleasant, labor desirable, and *suffering* redemptive in its nature and tendency. A tender tolerance for every thing of human kind, will go hand in hand with a knowledge of God in history, for a divine philosophy will translate the myths hieroglyphs of the past, and find inspiration and beauty in their use, as they outline the method of nature and prefigure the advent of higher and better times. Civilization may then be studied as a *science*, as God will be *practically* recognized as the great master builder of the ages, for there can be no longer conflict or antagonism between the conception of God in history and God in science, since the progress of the race, no less than the beauty and immensity of the heavens declare His glory, and give proof of his wisdom and handiwork.

Of a truth, may it then be said, "that day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge, since there is *no* speech nor language, where their voice is not heard."

SPIRITUALISM IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Not long since, we had occasion to *review the reviewer* of *The Church Review*, and correct some of his misconceptions as to the true nature and obvious tendency of Spiritualism. Whether we are indebted to the logic and the respectful tone, which characterized the article, for the sudden appearance of *The Churchman* in our *sanctum*, or to some other genial and more Spiritual influence, we cannot say, but certain it is, we now have a weekly visit from this dignified and solemn faced ecclesiastic. And right welcome he is to come, so long as it may *please* him, although he still persists in associating us with devil worshipers and lovers of "*unclean communion.*" Well, we will not retaliate, "for *art* is long, and time is fleeting," and "calling names," and "*making faces*" is neither explanatory nor instructive. Beside one might spend his days in bearing *protest* against *misrepresentation* and abuse, without turning the sinner from the error of his ways.

But what we wish to do on this occasion, is to make the reader acquainted with some remarkable acknowledgments and concessions, which we find in a late issue of *The Churchman*, (Jan. 24,) over the signature of a "Catholic Presbyter." The writer's intention is to institute a Scriptural *test* by which to *try* the Spirits and judge the pretensions of "Spiritualism in the Nineteenth Century.—This he thinks he has found in the language of Paul, "Wherefore, I give you to understand, that no man speaking by the Spirit of God *calleth* Jesus *accursed*, and that no man can say Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost."—(1 Cor. xii—8.)

It is hardly necessary that we remind the intelligent reader or Christian Spiritualist, that this passage from the Testament is applied to all *irreligion*, whether manifested by Spirits in or out of the form.

Spiritualism, therefore, if discussed from this stand point, must be judged of according to the character of its *issues* and the communication of the Spirits, for, however defective men may be in *practising* the *highest good*, there seems to be but *one* opinion of elevating and sustaining the standard of social moralism and Spiritual purity.

With this explanation, we give the larger part of the article, hoping the reader will correct all excesses Spiritual and temporal, that the *religion* of Spiritualism may be as chaste in ideal, and as practical in daily life as the most exalted conception of Christianity. The writer says:

"And this leads me to speak of the Spiritual manifestations of the day.

It appears from a pamphlet that has lately fallen into my hands, from the pen of Judge Edmonds, that the Bishop of Vermont has been delivering a course of lectures in St. Louis, two of which he devoted to the subject of Modern Spiritualism.—The rapidity with which these manifestations have spread over the world is one of the marvels of the age. Rationalistic systems, the cold products of barren understanding, satisfy no longer; there is a longing for something better than dry negations, and the want is met with this gift of Spiritual power. Thus we are told that "it enables us to know the thoughts and purposes, the secret intentions and character, of those who are living around us." The proof of the immortality of the soul comes now with a "direct appeal to the senses," and with a force that "leaves no room for cavil in the sane mind." "Through this Spiritual power, *be it what it may*," says the writer of this reply to the Bishop of Vermont, "the sick are healed, the blind are made to see, the lame walk, and devils are cast out of those who are possessed." And farther on, when briefly summing up the argument, he says that this power "prevents hypocrisy; it deters from crime; it reclaims the infidel; it proves the immortality of the soul; it recognizes one God, and man's responsibility to Him; it enforces the great law of the Creator by inducements hitherto unknown to man; it heals the sick; it gives sight to the blind; it cures the lame; it comforts the mourner; it enjoins upon all the utmost purity of life; it teaches that charity which rather mourns over than rejoices at the fall of our fellow-beings; and it reveals to us our own nature, and what is the existence into which we are to pass when this life shall have ended. And this we are taught by a reverend divine, holding a high rank in what he calls The Church of God, is of the Devil! Alas! if it be, by what sign shall we know the work of God?" By what sign, indeed, but by this, that the Spirit speaking testify of the incarnation, resurrection, and kingdom of the Lord; for every Spirit that confesseth Jesus Christ came in flesh is of God, and hereby know we the Spirit of God; but every Spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God, and is that Spirit of Antichrist whereof we have heard that it should come, and even now already is in the world. We should, therefore, be far from believing every Spirit, but, on the contrary, should try the Spirits whether they be of God; but this is very far from ignoring them, and contemptuously refusing to try, as the majority of the Church does now. The Bishop himself may recollect the case of one of his presbyters.

With regard to the Spiritual manifestations in which Judge Edmonds is a prominent believer, we can only state, in sincerity of conviction, their supernatural origin. After leaving a wide margin for cases of imposture and self-delusion, there remains a mass of phenomena utterly inexplicable on any natural principles. They reveal powers not within the sphere of nature—intelligent powers, who are labouring for an end unseen by men. There is no rational ground for any denial of the facts, and no possibility of summing them up under natural laws; and all who have tried it have failed. The only wise or honest course is to admit the reality of the phenomena when well attested, and at once ascribe them to Spirits of devils working miracles, because their witness is not to the Incarnation of the Lord, and its corollaries, the Resurrection and the Kingdom. They are seducing Spirits, angels of the Devil, not of mankind; and men are beginning to be taken by them in the snare of that "deceivableness of unrighteousness" which is coming up, in supernatural brightness, from the pit. The visible and invisible worlds are being brought into unclean communion, and the hearts of those who do not "receive the love of truth, that they might be saved," are being stolen with promises of a Paradise, into which the unholy may enter. The Spirits of darkness are getting the ears of men, and mingling themselves openly with the affairs of this life, as never before; and the Church, so far from casting them out in the Name of Jesus, *has almost lost all faith in their very existence.*"

RADICAL ISSUES.

We wish occasionally to remind the reformer that Spiritualism has a *constructive* as well as destructive side to it, for some of the advocates of progress seem to lose sight of this fact and substitute *criticism* for a harmonic philosophy. Both *may* be *needed* at times, but *construction* should be most prominent, in order to meet the changes which occur in the *experience* of all. We are reminded of thoughts like these by reading the following, which we clip from the Wisconsin County *Free Democrat.*

Death.—We heard Mr. Finney's lecture last evening on Death. From the account given of his lecture the Sabbath evening previous, we expected a very able and lucid discourse, but our anticipations were not realized. He reviewed Prof. Hitchcock's theory at some length, exposed his inconsistencies, and the inconsistencies of Theologians generally, exploded the dead records of a past God—by which we understood him to mean the Old Testament—and said a great many things true and clear, and some misty and doubtful, to us at least. —We are always ready to give the old for the new, when the new is better, but we are not yet prepared to throw away the record of the Scriptures for a new revelation, unless it comes to us better authenticated than any we have yet seen.

It is not fair, however to judge Mr. Finney from one address. The Hall was crowded with listeners and he evidently made an impression upon a class of hearers who are not often seen at church.

WHENCE THE INTELLIGENCE?

A correspondent writing to the *N. E. Spiritualist* from Fort Plain, N. Y., gives the following *fact*, which is one of a class that *must* be disposed of by the opponents of Spiritualism, before we can give up our belief in Spiritual intercourse. Clairvoyance may account for much, but this manifestation seems to be independent of every mind in the circle.

A Mr. Mix, now living in this place, visited Boston last winter, and one evening while there, asked a friend if he would like to go and see some of the spirit manifestations. Being answered in the affirmative, accordingly they, together with two other gentlemen, were soon seated around a medium's table. But a few moments elapsed before sounds were distinctly heard upon the table. The question was put, Have you anything you would like to communicate? Answer, yes; and the medium's hand wrote something. and handed it to the friend of Mr. Mix. Then a different sound from the first was heard, and Mr. M. putting the question, was assured that a spirit friend was present, and would like to communicate. The spirit was asked to give his name which he did, and to Mr. Mix's surprise, gave the name of an old school mate, who was, as he supposed, then living in Carthage, in this State, he never having learned of his departure from earth. Mr. Mix then asked when he passed into the spirit land? The spirit replied, "On the fourth of August, last.

On receiving this, Mr. M. stated to those present that there must be some mistake about this, for he was at his friend's house on that day, and when he left (it being about 3 o'clock, P. M.) he was well and getting in a load of hay. The Spirit assured him that it was even so, and, on being interrogated further by Mr. Mix, how he came to his death, informed him through raps, that he fell from a load of hay on a pitchfork.

Mr. Mix immediately wrote to the sister of this purported Spirit, inquiring after the health and welfare of his old friend Charles. In due course of mail he received an answer to his inquiries, corroborating the statements made to him at the medium's table, by saying that on the day he (Mr. Mix) left their place, *Charles fell from a load of hay on a pitchfork and was killed!*

A FREE LECTURE ON SHAKERISM.

A lecture on the above subject will be delivered on Thursday evening in the Broadway Tabernacle, by Brother F. W. Evans, an Elder of the New Lebanon Society. Commencing at half-past 7 o'clock.

We make this notice for the benefit of those of our subscribers who may get the paper before that time, as we think the subject matter, as well as the man, are both worthy an attentive hearing.

The *Tribune*, in noticing the proposed lecture, says:

"And why not? Let us have light. Let the moral and religious principles of these industrious, peace-loving and prosperous people be better known. Shaker products are in daily use and approval in this city, but whether the articles are foreign or domestic, we doubt if one-half the users know. Let the people know who, what and where are the Shakers."

To all of this we say *Amen!* for nothing can come of *ignorance* be the subject what it may—but misunderstanding, perhaps misrepresentation. Let us have the *facts*, the age is prepared for them.

HOW SOME FOLKS UNDERSTAND THE SCRIPTURES.

Those of our theological controvesrialists, who charge Spiritualists with making an improper use of the facts of the Bible, would do *well* to turn their thoughts nearer home, as there is strong probability for the belief that many of those who are most constant and frequent at their church observances, are the least likely to understand the *true* meaning of the Bible. In illustration of this thought we give the following: Mr. Wesley being authority for its truth. He says:

"The less knowledge you take for granted among uneducated people the better. Suppose you preach on the text, "Unless your righteousness exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."—I beg you will not take it for granted that your hearers know what Pharisees are; for I met a person once, who was quite a Bible reader, who described the Pharisees as a "little people, not positively wicked, but inclined to mischief. I could not imagine what the woman meant, till at last the truth flashed upon me. She took them for *fairies!*"

SPIRITUALISM AND ITS EXPOUNDERS.

As a matter of course, as Spiritualism becomes known and appreciated, many will feel moved to vindicate its character and explain its philosophy, and thereby multiply the phases of its developments. This is doubtless the order of nature, as it obviously is the tendency of the religious, social and other forces that move men to the adoption and vindication of new or unpopular truths. The only thing therefore to hope for is, that persons will not go until they are *thoroughly* prepared, or under the direction of some *good* and *wise* spirit, as zeal is not knowledge any more than *doubt* at all times is wisdom.

So far, however, the published reports and notices of lectures we have seen, are friendly to and warrant the assumption, that in this particular, as in others connected with the advent of Spiritualism, "there is a divinity" shaping its ends—let opposition rough hew them as it may.

In illustration of this, we quote the following from the *Belvidere Standard*, of Jan. 15:

"Ira Porter, Esq., of Waukegan, delivered a lecture on Spiritualism at Union Hall, on Sunday evening last. Notwithstanding the limited notice, the hall was well filled, there being present, we should judge, between three and four hundred.

The lecturer is a lumber merchant, doing business in Waukegan. He had made a long and thorough investigation of modern Spirit manifestations, and had become convinced that such do now occur, and that they are similar to those of a former age, of which our Bible furnishes such an ample record. The general drift of his lecture was to show this correspondence, which he fortified with ample quotations from the Scriptures themselves. The gifts of healing, speaking in unknown tongues, seeing visions, &c., known in the Apostolic age, he had witnessed himself in the course of his investigations. The inhabitants of the next world were more anxious than we to open up a communication, and hence, as the medium of communication was imperfect and a thing of conditions, which for harmony requires a very nice adjustment of qualities, it necessarily followed that many of the communications were crude and disorderly; but all were not so. There were minds in the Spirit world of all degrees of development, the same as in this. God's moral government, like that which pervades the physical, was one of rewards and punishments; the penalty followed the violation, and kept an even pace with it. Man was his own Redeemer.

But for want of space we are unable to follow the lecturer at any length. His manner was candid, logical and impressive, and he was listened to, apparently, with much attention, notwithstanding there may have been, and undoubtedly was, exceptions taken in the minds of many, to some of the views submitted. He advised all, however, not to receive what he said as truth, unless their own convictions would sustain or investigations confirm it.

At the close of the lecture, a Rev. William Bradey arose and said, he should reply to a portion of the discourse on the following Sunday, in order "to show that Christ was the mediator between God and man, and that angels and human spirits were not the same." Thus a controversy is developed, because the lecturer became an *exclusionist*, in ignoring the aids and agencies of Providence in the regeneration of mankind. We say an exclusionist, for any person who attempts to get rid of the moral, spiritual and historic relations of Christ, is as much an *exclusionist* as the bigot, who denounces science and ignores the revelations of the age.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

CONSISTENCY.

BY JAMES K. NEWTON.

A backslider from Spiritism is a *rara avis*, and too much of a novelty to be passed over silently by the *expectants* of Spiritual declension. "Drowning men catch at straws," and accordingly as soon as it was known that *one* individual had turned back from the light of the New Dispensation, his name went the rounds of the secular press, coupled with the prediction that Spiritualism was used up at last. The *Advent Herald* sounds the last trumpet of the matter in this vein:

"Such developments and confessions from so high a source in Spiritual humbuggery, must tell disastrously upon the "establishments," "circles," and other machinery employed in carrying forward this destructive delusion."

While reading this comment my thoughts involuntarily wandered back to the advent of the Millerite delusion. I was intimately acquainted with that imposture from its outset. Its founder, then a resident of Hampton, Washington County, N. Y., was guilty of gross impositions, which were matters of public notoriety in the adjacent towns. In the year preceding the one in which the world was positively to end its *earthly* career, men were engaged on his farm in the construction of stone fence, and also board fence, with cedar posts. At the same time a book appeared entitled: "Miller Overthrown!" which discloses the important fact to superficial Bible readers that Miller in support of his theory has called to his aid nine extracts from the Prophecy of Daniel, which has no actual existence in the Bible. Nevertheless his false theory found converts in Washington County, even among people who knew these facts, and made no attempt to refute them.

On the morning of the "last day," "the saints," clad in their "ascension robes" took post in the graveyards *where their friends lay sleeping*, expecting momentarily to see the gravel fly, and their dead friends appear *with every bone in its place.* But the day passed over and still the earth kept rolling on. Did they admit that they had been humbugged? Not one of them. Their faith, or their obstinacy at least was stronger than ever. They were sure that Miller had made a mistake in the figures, or else that the earth had kicked over the traces, and refused to obey orders. They were sure that this dirty planet would be brought to order in a short time, and knocked into *pi*. Another day was advertised for the dissolution of all things, with a definiteness that admitted of "no postponement on account of the weather." But another failure followed, which had no other effect upon the saints than to infuse a certain cautious indefiniteness into their calculations for the future. In their programme for the next performance the precise period of the final exit of the world from the stage of the universe was not laid down. They admitted that their arithmetic was disarranged in some way, but they still insisted upon the extreme probability of coming in contact with the latter end of the world at any time.

The propagation of such sentiments as Millerism taught, begat a morbid appetite for misery that still supports the *Herald* in a lingering, starvation existence.

Now in view of these facts, I would enquire upon what grounds the *Herald* bases his prediction that "Such developments and confessions, from so high a source in Spiritual humbuggery, must tell disastrously for the 'establishments,' circles, and other machinery employed in carrying on this destructive delusion." If Spiritualism is a humbug, the existence of the *Herald*, and the experience of its editors, are living proofs of the fact, that humbugs, in our days and generation, are exceedingly tenacious of life. "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones." Aside from all its facts, philosophy, and unexplodable phenomena; Spiritualism can grow fat in any country, where Adventism can find a 'local habitation, and a name.'"

The *Herald* is evidently of the sanguineous bilious temperament, and not very well posted up in general causes, and effects, or its hopes of a decline in any cause would find a weak foundation in the apostacy of a solitary individual. Julian apostatized from Christianity, and Christianity is still alive. Benedict Arnold turned traitor, and the revolution went on to a successful result without him. General Bennet seceded from the Mormons, and published a book against Mormonism, with his full length portrait for frontispiece dressed in regimentals, and mormonism survives. If the position assumed by the *Herald* is a good one, the Second Advent must be almost ready for the summons of a coroner's jury. I have been personally acquainted with perhaps fifty adventists, and I know of but one of the number who retains his faith, and the reason of that is, that he never knew with any degree of positiveness what he believed. Does the *Herald* know that clergymen become converts to Spiritualism nearly every week? If so will it please to notice a case of the kind, and comment upon it?

Troy, Jan. 1856.

A LINGERING DEATH—LONG DRAWN OUT.

We have heard of "dying hard," "dying game," and various other kinds of lingering and torturous deaths, but the most marked case of modern date, occurs in the person of Rev. Asa Mahan, who continues to suffer from the effects of his "*Odylic*" mania. It *needs* must be a severe attack when the many applications of faint praise, cutting criticism, dogmatic denunciation, and justly-administered reproof, which he has received from the press, have failed to subdue the *symptoms*. which ultimated and ulcerated in Pres. Mahan's "Expose." We were reminded of his past mental obliquity and impaired Spiritual and mental health, on reading of the late *manifestations* that came through the Pres. while Brother Brittan was delivering his lectures in Jackson, and we exclaimed it is odd—how *odd*—this "Od Force" makes the Pres. act. "'Tis strange—'tis passing strange," but that's the way the mania works with some people.

In order to have the reader understand the nature of our surprise, we premise that Brother Brittan delivered three lectures at Jackson, which had so marked an effect on Pres Mahan, (who was present) that during the delivery of two of them, he (the Pres) was so uneasy in body, restless in mind (*bad symptoms*) that he had to change his seat, and make other manifestations of a nervous character; to soothe which his friends proposed another *discussion*, hoping, by that means, to minister to his Spiritual needs.

To report progress further, we make the following extract from Brother B.'s letter in the last week's *Telegraph*. He says:

"On the succeeding Monday morning, two gentlemen from President Mahan's society, called, and desired to know if the undersigned would hold a public discussion with the President. The writer inquired if they came at the solicitation of the Rev. gentleman, and was informed that they came *with his knowledge and approval;* that they had already called on the President, and obtained his consent to engage in a public oral discussion. Our answer was—Gentlemen, the time I have to remain in Jackson is very limited, owing to other engagements which cannot well be neglected or postponed; but as the controversy is sought by the worthy President and his friends, you may say, if you please, that I am ready.

"In the course of the day the preliminaries were arranged, and that evening the discussion was commenced. The results of this will hereafter appear, as we shall probably publish a report of the same, from the copious notes taken at the time, chiefly by a disinterested professional gentleman who resides in Jackson, and who has never, as the writer was informed, given to Spiritualism the sanction of his name.

CLAIRVOYANCE AND IMMORTALITY.

We extract the following from the January issue of *Buchanan's Journal of Man*—as the case stated, as well as the explanation offered, may interest the reader.

Doubtless we shall need many such before the *mystery* of clairvoyance is fully and satisfactorily explained, as the subject is complex in character, and preternatural in manifestation. Those who may wish to prosecute the subject further, will find some useful hints and suggestive statements in Dr. Dods' Philosophy of Mesmerism and Psychology; and in the third volume of A. J. Davis Harmonia. The subject needs to be studied, however, from the anthropological stand-point, for clearness and exactness; for nothing short of a scientific explanation will harmonize with or account for the many phases of the clairvoyant's manifestations.—*Ed. Christian Spiritualist.*

"I have investigated this power for years, and have not lost any opportunity for observation, in all its phases, and I never yet met two that were alike in all respects—yet have found one like Mrs. Cook, as related by A. W. Sprague, in your No. 11.

The best clairvoyant that I have ever found I can place in the *first state* in five seconds, by simply placing my hand on her head. She is then in what she terms the *earth sphere*, and can go anywhere on the earth, find your friends, describe and name them—and read their thoughts if you desire it. From this she can, without any assistance, proceed to the *second state*, wherein she sees and converses with Spirits, gives names, facts and tests innumerable. But if I desire her to visit a planet, she proceeds to a *third state;* in this her whole body becomes rigid—she is unconscious externally—you might mutilate her whole body, yet she would not feel it; and has to return to the *first* or *second* to narrate what she has seen in the third. Here we have the explanation of Mrs. Cook's state. She only goes into the *first state*, unaware that there is a second—like skeptics, who, before they are placed in the first state, are not aware that there is a clairvoyant state at all: develope her Spiritual organs more, then her attractions will soon learn her to reach up higher, and see Spirits out of the body as well as in them.

The facts of clairvoyance are clear enough to any one that has experimented with any tolerable share of *perseverance;* and such, I opine, has each a theory of his own to explain it. I will give mine, whether worth much or little.

I will premise that speaking or writing mediums are nothing more than *mesmerized subjects.* I can mesmerize subjects and influence their thoughts in any desired channel, but how do I do this? It is not my *body* that does it, but the *spirit* that is within my body; hence, why can not I or any other as well or better do it *when out of the body.*

Now we know that the optic nerve is the most delicately sensitive part of us, and very *perfect* it must be to carry *impressions* from the retina to the inner or spiritual eye; then mesmerize those nerves, make them more highly susceptible, and we have the explanation—*the Spiritual eye receives impressions without the aid of the retina*, but *directly* from the objects themselves. Hence no good clairvoyant that I have ever met with can see material objects as we see them, but the *interior* or *spiritual* of them, which assumes the form of the outward, or objective, which alone we see.

Respectfully, A. Miltenberger.

St. Louis, Nov. 26.

Corrections.—In the article from our Philadelphia correspondent, headed A. J. Davis and Wife, and published in the preceding number, we are called upon to make the following corrections:—please read, instead of *rapid* stuff, vapid stuff; for able *cause*, able course.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

WHAT NEXT?

Immortality revealed! What next? Shall the chapter end here? A *harmonial brotherhood* numbered by *millions.* Are these but a useless army of "*dead heads*" spectators of a "*third tier*," who with astonished gaze, have seen "*a table move?*" or are they *men?*—men of *hearts*, to desire a better state of society, of *understanding*, to appreciate the wants of the age, and of *nerve* to act out their divine impulses to hasten "*the good time coming?*"

But yesterday, and the future spoke no cheering words of promise to these. The prophecies of the past were as the idle howlings of a dying storm, born in bigotry, and baptised in blood. But yesterday, and death was "*a leap in the dark*," an *annihilation* of all that was good and great, as the result of untiring effort and time. But yesterday, and a dismal cloud loomed down upon the horison of man's hopes—the *grave* was the *soul's resting place*, and the tribes of crawling reptiles of underground, his *future companions.* But yesterday, and Heaven was a *bye-word* plaything for priests and impressible bigots—God, *a monster* more dreadful than that of *Patmos*, the "*ne plus ultra*" of whose constructive locus was *a hell of torment*, and a *world annoying devil.* And oh! how dark was all this to the *thoughtful* mind! How crushing to the aspiration of the good man! Yesterday—

No Hope! no God! no Future!

To-day, the prospect is changed! The *sun of immortality* has arisen! all around the scene is changed! A new song is sung! *Heaven is opened—God is revealed!*

See an *angel*, one of the redeemed of death—not a mysterious stranger—but a *severed love!* A *friend of the old time*, with whom we had *parted forever!* An angel inhabitant of the *future home* bends down to kiss again the brow of the loved of earth!—to embrace again the neck of severed affection! and to whisper in our astonished ear the exstatic tidings—

There is no death!

What next? Shall this glorious chapter be the first and *last?* There is work for all. "*Why stand ye here idle?*

Humanity groans for redemption from evils and oppressions unnumbered. There is a slavery of *self* to destroying customs. There is a slavery of the *family*, which love implores you to abolish—there is a slavery to the senseless customs of society which you must, if consistent, be speedily redeemed from. There are evils of the *state*—evils of the *church*, which though you despise *politics* and *popular religion*, you are nevertheless nourishing and *perpetuating.*

A *profane* Spiritualist is a strange anomaly. To gaze in upon the glorious prospect of *a never ending Spirit-world*—or receive once more the blessed communion of the dear departed—to recognize the cheering presence of angels around us, and express our gratification with an *oath!*—there are such.

The same may be said of *intemperance*, the great enemy of Spirit culture; of *avarice* which "*begets more vices than Priam did children;*" of *worldly* friendships' foremost foe, and childhood's most dreaded devil; of *idleness*, the mother of many evils; of *pride*, the heart's *court fool;* of *prostitution*, and all the foreign train that in ignorance usurp the human constitution's best interests, and consign humanity to the unfeeling thraldom of a hopeless pandemonium.

Self should present the first field of reform. It would be glorious to behold on earth, and starting up into other spheres, a *brotherhood* of true *self reformers.* This would be a temple truly worthy of the new era. *Self-culture* is the alpha of *social* reform. Let each remove the snow from his own front, and the *public* progress will be facilitated.

General reform is an ample field for all, as *self*-reform is in the end *general*, so *general* reform is the best of all schools for the reform of *self.* Every effort for the relief of *humanity* is a practical cultivation of the *Divine* in *self.*

The true Spiritualist should be the ever active *model politician*, *model religionist*, model tradesman. Not a *party* man, not a *bigot*, not a knave. He should, as a politician, be a terror to *the rascal pulling faction*, an enemy to the accursed *Spirit of corruption*, that breeds *burdensome taxation*, and defiles all the head waters of power. He should seek the legislative halls, not for *spoils*, but to secure the enactment of *wise* and *progressive* laws and shield from the grasp of a growing *cupidity* the best interests of the people. As a religionist, *truth should* be his weapon, *reason* his guide, and *good* his aim. *Consistency* and *prudence* should be his only jewels, and *independence* his ever present divinity. As a tradesman, honest, discriminating, generous, industrious, punctual, honorable, and useful

A. C. McC

Philadelphia, Jan. 28th, 1856.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

THE SINGING SISTERS.

It has been my pleasure to be present at three last concerts given by the Misses Hall, at the Stuyvesant Institute. To say their performances left a pleasing impression upon the mind, would not be rendering them a sufficient meed of praise. Indeed, it must have required a great amount of practice and culture to so have modified and balanced their voices, making them blend so perfectly as to find it difficult to distinguish one from the rest, while due expression of sentiment is observed throughout With a little careful attention to pronunciation and rhetorical use of language, together with the advantages they are reaping from constant practice, there is nothing to prevent their attaining to that perfection in art, which is the privilege in this age of but a favored few. They possess much of the Spiritual element so necessary to success in all that has to do with our real existence. They have left an impression upon the hearts of all who have listened to them, never to be erased. I would say then, to the Sisters, persevere in your beautiful mission, trusting in God and a true life.—And to the lovers of music, should it come in your way, go and hear the Singing Sisters. S. T. M.

From the Marion Commonwealth.

THE MARINER'S DREAM OF HOME.

BY HAPPY FAIRY.

Dreams of my childhood's home, sweet dreams
Of the rose-covered cot far away,
Of bright sunny hills, of meadows and streams,
And the farewell smiles of the day.
Of Father, who always was gentle and kind;
Of Mother, with ever a sweet word for me,
Of the blue skies, oh, grant I may find
A home in the Heavens with the loved ones and Thee.

Dream of the spot 'neath the old willow tree,
Where often with brother I've played,
The cool shady nook, where, sister with me,
In spots of wild flowers, both strayed.
In spirit I dream of the old churchyard,
Where Willie and Katie are sleeping,
But not alone for they have gone to their God,
Where angels sweet watch are keeping.

I am sitting once more by the old hearth-stone,
Again smooths my brow,
A father still whispers—"thou art not alone,
An angel beside thee, love, now."
I listen once more to the songs of the past,
Long hearken—am still on the sea,
They were too beautiful always to last—
Come beside the wand'rer to the loved ones and Thee.

Guide him safe in sadness or joy,
Be him in darkness of night;
Welcome at last, the poor mariner boy,
To the haven of rest, that home of delight.
Tell of His coming in Heaven above,
Offer far out on the sea;
Whisper at last to those he doth love,
Bless him, kind Father, to Heaven and Thee.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

THE SPIRITUAL MUSE.

Every man's Spiritual calling, is
To be performs. Gossip may busy herself
With shortcoming of great and earnest natures,
Judge their works that they must be tried.
Undisturbed moments are the true criteria
By which they should be judged. In their out-
lines men are, nearly alike; all being subject
To influences that mar and pervert. But as a
Traveler to the inner sanctuary of his being, he
Grows more and more in obedience to that higher
Influence in harmonic spheres. He manifests
More of that divine ideal, after whose type and
Image he was heavenly formed.

How easy any one who can distinguish the true
Voices of the deep harmonic life from the
Many discordant utterances that assail the ear on
Every side. It is not a little annoying to observe
How much space in cotemporary literature is filled
With mere effusions of poets, whose song is no
Echo from the hidden springs of nature, but
Merely adapted to catch the fancy of the
Hour.

Every one has in himself the germinal ele-
ments of forms of beauty. If he will but return
To his high nature, he will perceive the im-
mense distance between genuine poetic inspi-
ration and the most perfect imitation. And when
he recognizes the true, the false is forever
rejected. No one who has ever heard the lark
Carol, can possibly mistake the croak-
ing of the marsh or the cawings of the rookery for
Its thrill and silvery notes. As love is forever
Freed from lust, so are all inward utterances
From outward illustration.

In illustration of what we mean, we will cite
From the seventh volume of the *Telegraph*.
It gives us also pleasure to call attention
To a book, which contains nearly all of those
Poems dictated by T. L. Harris, and pub-
lished in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, under the general
Head of "*Voices from the Inner Life.*" Let the reader,
Who can compare the effusions of the daily press

VOICES FROM ABOVE.

We hear the hearts of all men in my hand—
Their harmonious, in the Spirit-land.
Every act I breathe a blessing there—
Every glance grows to music in the air.
Hasten to the earth I bid descend,
Every man to such a more than friend—
Who fills with Love's immortal breath,
Lives immortally from the shades of death,
Whose broken heart with life divine,
And pours a sweet peace, the immortal wine,
Pure thoughts, clusters of the living tree—
The heavenly immortality,
Whose tears as fill the skies, and scatter down
Hope earth's weary brow to crown.

I am the Resurrection, and the Life!
I come in centuries dark and old,
Appeared o'er the blood-wet fields of strife
To meet the future age—the Age of Gold.

Like a bridal as Morning wakes the world.
Night from his throne despotic Night is hurled.
Its forms and darkness, with delivering might
Truth and Love, and holiness, and right,
Make children free. I fill the air
With heaven beauty. Souls divinely fair
Like stars, earth's mental dome above.
Rejoice and sing, and tell my boundless love.

Search hearts where all the graces reign,
Where flowers speaks. The stately Angel train
Of holy utterance to mankind—
Arise from thy slumber, rise and find
Angels whispering at thy gate.
Be attended by the Spirits great,
Pure and heavenly sons of time.
Every heart—inspired by Love Divine.

Perhaps the reader would rather hear the
Direct definition of *Inspiration*, than any re-
flection now offer. If so, we can answer
In the same volume.

"Ask me what is Inspiration?"
I looked, and clear the echo rang
Through the calm and still
Answer: "The spirit of a thought
Never in words outwrought;
And I stood with face uplifted,
And it answered, "What is man?
What is man?" A spirit gifted
All God's utmost thoughts to scan.
Who wander the world are drifted
On the ocean tides of space,
Yet the Spirit, lifts his face
With immortal splendor burning
From the Eternal Father turning,
Ever from the Father's mind
Upon deathless, unconfined.
To the Father, drawing near,
In the soul's calm atmosphere,
Like the diamond orb of mind,
Like the breathing of a wind,
Full of harmonies,
Filling man with ecstasies
Of sweet love, that thrill
The hidden founts of will.
Such Inspiration's child
Pure Faith, the undefiled,
And the twain in Eden dwell,
Watching there Truth's living well.

SUPERSTITIOUS.—At the execution of Hub-
bard a few days ago, in Wabash County, in this
State, for the murder of the French family, after he
was properly dead, the enclosure was taken down,
and more than five hundred persons went in and
cut a limb, giving their reason for so doing, that
would in the future protect them from the witch
craft. The rope that he was hung with, the crowd
generally took, cut it up in small pieces, and di-
vided among them, to act as a charm in protect-
ing them in the future from ague and all other dis-
eases. Surely this is the quintessense of superstiti-
on.—*Terre Haute (Ind.) Express.*

The above can be had at this Office. Price 75 cents.

Correspondence of the Christian Spiritualist.

THE WORD KILLS—THE SPIRIT GIVETH LIFE.

LONDON, Jan. 4, 1856.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist:—

MY DEAR TOOHEY: Those of the Spiritualists who, in common with yourself, advocate Spiritualism in its purity, know that it is founded upon the Gospel. Text for text we can use with the professing Christian; yet how different is our application of the same words. They insist upon an external and verbal meaning. We dive beneath the surface, and give a Spiritual power and significance to the words of the Gospel. We revere the founder of the Christian religion, even as they do; our reverence sees the Almighty in the wisdom of his minister—the very Spiritual incarnation of the Deity. They unduly exalt the minister, and so lose sight of the Great I AM; and so confound both in unintelligible mystery, that the wondrous character of the mission of Christ cannot bear the test of reason; and thus its great power and benefit is shrouded, and at length lost to a reflecting mind. If mysteries were necessary to bring man to his Maker, then He, who is the very principle of Justice, would have so constructed the mind of man that the mystery could be penetrated—"the dark places made light," "the hidden stores found." The sectarian casts reason out of the scale, and when their wondrous fables are rehearsed, the earnest and sincere enquirer is stopped at the very threshold, and to all his enquiries, receives the one answer: You must have faith! Faith in what? If faith were the only necessity, then Buddism, Mahomedanism, and other dark faiths, founded on mysteries, could as easily be believed. If faith is the panacea for all, how then is the true creed to be discovered? how is it to be judged? The Bible, if it is to be received in an external sense, is a dead letter; many parts utterly repugnant to reason; and others, even when a splendid philosophy appears to be gleaming on its pages, so confusing and contradictory, that little can be made of it. The sacred books, then, instead of being, as they were designed to be, the great lamps of Progression, are nothing but an unmeaning history, of exciting legends, and confused recitals. It is the Spiritual significance of the Bible which makes it a treasure, and exalts it above all other books; and in that sense it is received and understood by the Spiritualist. So interpreted, it becomes a treasure of knowledge; for every text can be solved by reason, and every seeming mystery receive a sensible solution.

The offering up of the person of Jesus Christ, has received various interpretations, by the several sects who rank themselves as Christian. Until lately I had seen no Spiritual solution of the great mystery. I send you a Spiritual communication upon this very point, which I hope may prove acceptable to the Brethren:—

"God has for ever instructed man and manifested himself unto him, even to his material senses; but he, by reason of his sensuous perceptions, has been unwilling to see Him, choosing to walk in the darkness of the external will, rather than by the glory imparted.

"When Jesus Christ came on earth, it was God exemplifying himself in the flesh: taking unto himself a human form, with human infirmities, and subduing them by the power of the Spirit. It was the great manifestation, the great symbol, the glory of offering; for if man had discerned the spirit of the teaching, no more had he to pass the vale of death to realize a blissful eternity.

"The teaching thus given was accepted by man in the letter, and in the letter interpreted; for in mystery man has delight. So death continued, and the external thought triumphed.

"When God manifested himself to man by the symbol. The symbol, in its external dress, was presented to men by their fellows, as an article of faith; and although some, who discerned the truth, gave it in its simplicity to their fellows, yet was it rejected by human pride, because it was not clothed in mystery; but when presented in its shroud of mystery, it was received, and the vicarious atonement was presented in its words to the astonished sense of man as an article of faith, and infidelity prevailed!

"The offering up of the person of Christ was but the triumph of the external, and yet in the external triumph the casket was pierced. It was the outpouring of love for the purification of the things of sense. The agony of Christ was the conflict of the spirit and the externals. The after-coming of Christ, the exemplification to mankind of the birth of the inmost. It was the principle offered on the cross personified and presented to man. It was the Spiritual life of essence.

"The mystery of the Lord's Supper was but a symbol, to be discerned in the Spirit—the Word kills, the Spirit is life. The blood which was to be shed, and which was shed, was but the type of the dissemination of God's love, and that He gave it to man without stint—the blood was His human life, and therefore His human love. It flowed not to wash away man's sins by the assumption of their burden, but by the exemplification of love to purify and rescue humanity in its abomination and filth. That, by the influence of love, the external nature of man might be subdued; that the interior might be awakened, and man be enabled to live in the inmost.

"When at the table of the Supper: when HE said, 'Take drink, this is my blood.' The wine typified the strength of humanity to be subdued by the healing power of love. When HE gave the bread, and said, 'Take eat, this is my body.' The bread was by emblem that which man lives by, and thus was truth personified. For by truth alone man can know God, as by bread alone he can live. And when HE said, 'Do this in remembrance of me, it was symbolical of the acceptance of the power of love. For when man accepts love, he exempliges his obedience. He who desireth God, loveth his fellow-man, and is in charity with him.

"Why should man seek for mystery? It leads but to obscurity. God should be sought in the earnestness of the spirit, and HE, even HE, the Infinite, by reason of his affinity with the spirit of man, will answer."

I have extracted the above out of a long communication, selecting only so much as pertains to the mystery of the atonement and Lord's Supper. I send it to you for the benefit of the Brethren, because it appeared to me a reasonable solution of that which the church has ever involved in mystery. It is possible there may be those who will dissent from this interpretation; to them I would say, receive it in charity, as the teachings of the Spirit. It was given to one who was in sore perplexity on this very subject. Him it greatly benefited; and, even if erroneous, to him it has been a saving help in a very sore trouble.

I am yours, in haste, S. B.

From the New Jerusalem Messenger.

"BORN YESTERDAY!"

Messrs. Editors:—I can never read an article like that in the *Messenger* of the 12th inst., under the title of "Died Yesterday!" nor see a funeral procession, without thinking of the different aspects death presents, when viewed from the natural and spiritual worlds. That which is departure and absence in this world, is arrival and presence in the spiritual. The weakening of natural ties is the conjunction of spiritual ones. It is coldness, darkness, and the unbroken silence of the grave here, but the warmth of love, the light of truth, and the free play of every spiritual power there. Viewed from the earth, it is the loss of every faculty. The hand can no longer return the pressure of affection; the foot is moveless; the wonderful nervous tissue in which the whole man is clothed, and which makes him a compound of innumerable and infinitely varied sensations, will vibrate no more. The tongue is palsied; the lips white and silent. No light of love beams from the eye, and no voice can penetrate the closed portals of the ear. The heart, like a frozen fountain, can no longer send forth the waters of life, to re-awaken and re-animate the wonderful forms which are now so still and cold. Viewed from the spiritual world, the native home of the spirit, there has been no loss, but only gain. Every part of the organism, to the minutest cell or fibril, within and without, that composed the human form, remains perfect. The hand is freed from every weight that enfeebled it. Its sensations are a thousand-fold more exquisite; all its movements are inconceivably quicker, freer, stronger, and more precise,—it has become the perfect instrument of love. The spiritual body is woven of spiritual tissues, which are more free to vibrate to all the motion of a spiritual atmosphere—to gather them up, and convey them in the fullest measure and perfect harmony to the soul within, making the whole organism one exquisite and infinitely modulated sensation. The tongue no longer stammers in crude and arbitrary sounds, but every thought is the perfect form and embodiment of affection, and flows from it in sounds that exactly correspond to the emotion within. The lips play in eloquent unisoon with it. The eye is soft and lustrous, and the whole face is radiant with the life of the soul. The heart, like a perennial fountain, sends forth in peaceful but exhaustless measure the quickening life of love. There is no weight, no weariness, no exhaustion, no loss of anything but the clay that obstructed the vision, deadened the sensations, and fettered the movements of the living man within.

Looking at this *event* in man's *life* from the spiritual world, instead of "*died*," it would be more in accordance with the truth to say,

"BORN YESTERDAY!"

Every day is written this little instance, "Born yesterday, so and so." Every day the angel of death, the most beautiful, and tender, and loving of all the angelic host, visits the earth in search of flowers and fruit for Paradise. Every day a flower is gently withdrawn from the earthly mould, rescued from the blight of evil and the frosts of cold and selfish passion, and transplanted to the genial clime of heaven. A new link is added to the bright circle of some heavenly society—a jewel separated from the earthly impurities which concealed its beauty, and safely deposited in the rich treasury of love. Each day some weary laborer is released from the exhausting toil of earthly life; yes, every hour some patient, weary watcher is relieved from his post, and is gently lifted from the stormy passions and the fierce combats of this life, to the peace, the delightful activities, and the serene blessedness of heaven.

"Born yesterday!" Who was born? Perhaps it was a gentle babe, born into a world of angelic purity, where no shadow will dim the brightness of its life,—no stain of sin spot its white robe of innocence,—no discord of error ever mar the sweet harmonies of its life. As the delicate spring blossoms are born from the cold, dark, and formless earth, at the call of the sun and the gentle airs of the south, so has this little blossom been drawn, by the attractions of angelic love, from the cold, dark, and dead elements of this world, to the warmth and brightness, and genuine life of the spirit. Or mayhap it was a youth, hopeful and generous, but whose path led through temptation and conflict, and unsatisfying pleasures and disappointed hopes, —whose steps must be weary and his heart faint, —the goal of whose hope will fly ever before him. and whose sweetest pleasures will have some admixture of bitterness, whose purest joys will have spots of earthly stain, and whose highest attainments must be the conquest over natural evils,—submission and resignation to the Divine Will. Yesterday he was taken out of this conflict. He was born into a world where hope and fruition go hand in hand; where all attractions are towards the centre of all good; where temptation cannot come; where the foot never wearies nor wanders; where there is victory without conflict, and the keenest and most delicate perception of all joys without struggle. Oh, happy youth! called from the spring of this life to the spring of heaven!

"Born yesterday!" "Ere the orange flowers that clasped her forehead had faded," while her heart was brimming with the sweetest nectar of earthly love, before one drop of bitterness had been mingled in it,—before one young dream had faded, —before neglect or changed affection had thrown their shadows over the sunny fountain of her love, or suspicion and unkind words sent their poisoned arrows into her soul; from the serene heights of her first affection, before she had descended into the valley of doubt, or trod with weary and bleeding feet the flinty path of real life, she is born into a world where false vows are not known,—where no suspicion poisons the cup of life,—where there are no shadows of doubt, no deception, no weariness, no change of affections; where every chord of love finds an answering chord to vibrate in unison with it. "From the dim aisles of the temple" she is borne to the sunny paths of Paradise. "The tall brown man, 'who had fought the good fight,'" was crowned with unfading laurels, and rose to a nobler victory, even when he fell, than was ever won by the greatest of earthly monarchs.

"Born Yesterday!" The aged husband and wife. They have trod all life's pathway together, from the early morning of their love. They have borne life's burdens together patiently,—they have shared each other's sorrows, they have given freely of each other's joys. Their lives had become all memory. the foot was feeble, the hand palsied, the eye dim, the face furrowed with many a care, the head white with the frosts of many a winter, and bowed with the weight of years. Their work done, sitting in the shadows of evening, they waited patiently for the Master's call. It came yesterday. They were born into all their memories, into all the freshness, and beauty, and vigor of their youth—into all their affection, into all their knowledge, into all their hopes. Their treasures were in Heaven. They have entered into their possession. They left all their feebleness and dimness of perception behind them. They have been born into a new infancy, the innocence of wisdom, and henceforth forever their path leads towards the freshness, and beauty, and strength, and ever-increasing blessedness of perpetual youth. They were born yesterday! Daily, men, women and children are coming up from the depths and darkness of the lower earth. Hourly, garlands are woven, and bright homes are prepared for some new guest. Every morning we find new flowers blooming in Paradise; and daily, as we engage in our delightful employments, we find some new hand to help, some new heart to give and receive the sweet blessedness of heavenly affection; some new link to bind us faster to all the good and true—a new channel for our activities—a new note in the everlasting harmonies of love. Every moment some infant, or child, or youth—some matron or maid—some father or brother, hears this blessed invitation, "Come up hither," and obeys it. Let us wait patiently, and strive nobly. Our turn will surely come. The blessed angel, fresh from Paradise, beaming with ineffable love, will come for us, in the fulness of our time, and we shall all be born into the life for which we are now laying the foundations.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

A VOICE FROM THE CHURCH.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist: DEAR SIR—The writer wishes to thank you for your article on the review of a certain Episcopal clergyman's opinion of Spiritualism. I have just read it and re-read it *at home*, and feel its truthfulness, and could wish all the ministers of Christ could have it placed before them.

For over three years now have I quietly and with a fond and trusting wife been examining into the teachings of this glorious subject, and though we both have been for many years members of the Presbyterian church, yet that has not kept us from seeking for truth or trusting in God to enlighten us, or His spirit to guide us.

How strange is it that religious people affect contempt for Spiritualism. How strange is it that they, as a general rule, in the world frown it down, whatever they may do at home quietly,) and then expect deists and materialists to come to their churches and believe all that is preached from their pulpits. Verily, it seems to me, friend Toohey, that the people who believe now in our day in Spiritualism, are the very ones who would have believed in Christ's day, on him and his teachings, and those who now disbelieve, and would fain persecute Spiritualists, are the very people who would have persecuted Christ, even as the Jews of old. Sorry am I to record the fact—for so I believe it to be—and each day confirms me in my opinion.

I have just said we were Presbyterians—meaning we were attached and brought up to believe in the doctrines of that denomination of Christians; but need I here also say that Spiritualism has driven out of us the narrow, corrupted ideas of sectarianism, and led us to see and feel that *it* is a delusion, tending to make the hearts of all selfish and bigoted.

But what is there in Spiritualism some reader in your paper may ask, that could attract you to it? Do not Spiritualists teach all sorts of dogmas? True it is we have varied manifestations, and a variety of opinions expressed by Spirits on what is termed cardinal points in religion, but it seems to me that the beautiful evangelical teachings which come when we fervently desire them, and live so as to obtain them, all point to one great fountain of love, viz.: the father of all and Christ the mediator, the great exemplar of peace, purity and goodness among us here on earth.

But what think you of Christ? another reader may ask. Whose son is he? Do you denounce, as many do, the idea of the divinity of Christ, or do you maintain his more than human nature?

Here, friend Toohey, I ask to be heard. I am an humble contributor to your paper, and an ardent seeker after truth."

There is no point on which Spiritualists are more divided than this. Many of the best lights among them asserting but his human origin, and many endeavoring to show how much better they could have done had they have lived when he did, and how much he erred when he might have pursued a better plan and promulgated better doctrines.

In the opinion of the writer I think it will be time enough for all classes of Spiritualists, whether Christians or not, to forsake him and his teachings when we have one among us who will demonstrate powers superior to his, who can, in the face of persecution—practical persecution—live above the world, though in it; and who by the simple word can restore health to the paralytic, eyesight to the blind, and make him that is ready to perish leap with joy and gladness through faith in his name. When the hungry can be fed in multitudes by food sufficient naturally for but a small number—when the dead can be restored to life by his fervent desire and wish. Oh! surely he was more than any man in our day; surely, he had, as he asserted, the Spirit of his Father in heaven in dwelling in him and making him *more* than man.

That these things, and more than these, happened in his day, we feel to be true, because those who followed him were plain, practical men, and it took them years te believe and understand his teachings, and when they did understand and believed them they evinced their love of truth by sacrificing liberty, pleasure, comfort, and life itself, to show and prove to those around them that they were in earnest, that they believed he was the promised Messiah, and that through faith in his name they too should live though their bodies perished, demonstrating his principles.

But did not Mahomet's followers suffer and die in defending his doctrines also? some may ask Aye, they did, but we have no evidence of any sacrifice of sensual gratification, no conquering of the animal passions in his followers, as a gross sensual heaven was to be obtained if death overtook them, wherein their grosser appetites were to be increased, and their powers of satisfying them yet more so, and this would, and doubtless did, alone move many without reflection, to become the followers of Mahomet. But become a follower of Christ was to surrender self ever for thy fellowman, to subdue carnal desires, and love thy neighbor as thyself, and in this his primitive followers exemplified his teachings, and demonstrated the vitality of the religion they were taught.

Go where we will to any part of the world, where do we see peace and happiness at the fireside, or under what form of goverument do we see the most serene happiness and love for mankind? Is it to be found in Asia or South America?—in Africa or in many parts of Europe? Is it not confined to those nations, and those only where the teachings of Christ are exemplified, and as a general rule adopted? and wherever we find the real inherent spirit of his teachings clearly taught and openly confessed, there we plainly see the beauty, the moral grandeur of what we term the Christian religion.

Go to the cottage of the most humble tiller of the soil, who having barely subsistence it may be to feed for the day while it lasts the family gathered about him, and witness the fervour with which he pours out his heart unto the Father in Christ's name, witness the faith with which that man lives day by day; witness the calmness and serenity of his life and the peacefulness of his departure from this world, and then turn and ask yourself or those round you, where shall I go to find a teacher who will enable me to live thus at peace with all mankind and to die so serenely with a living faith of a life beyond the grave.

If that man now lives who would judge the meek and lowly man of Nazareth let him come forth! if that man now lives who can teach us better things, who can demonstrate the truth as he did who can give us a quicker and easier path to travel on our road here below, to the path beyond the grave to the mansions of the blest, we are ready to follow him, let him come forth! but if we, sensible of our defects, we, professing superior light to many around us who are but as the blind leading the blind, know and feel our utter helplessness in all that pertains to life and our sensibility of a higher power to teach us, oh! it behoves us to ponder ere we join in the cry, "not this man but some other man,"—who would gladly place a more glorious crown around the head of Plato or Socrates or some modern philosopher!

"To whom shall we go if not unto thee?" asked once a disciple of Jesus, "*for thou hast the words of eternal life!*" How much is there expressed in this short sentence? where shall Spiritualists go for light, on whose arm shall they lean when about to make the plunge into the unknown world? if Christ was but a man, and if he was *only* a better man than us, for if there is any truth in his teachings at all, he intended to show that through him, we can attain a blessed condition after this life, and his followers who heard him so teach, died maintaining this as a truth, giving a vitality to it from whence has sprung all the modern ideas of peace and happiness in another condition when our outward bodies perish.

If Spiritualism is truth—it must eventually lead all men to Christ. I mean here to say if it was the truth that he taught, and Christians believe it or profess to at least—then that the beautiful higher teachings and unfoldings through our manifestations should lead us so to live and act that we might and may receive from him that influx of his spirit, that we may inhale the Divine essence and be elevated in our spirits to a brighter source and more celestial joys.

Why then is it not more evinced? I for one should like to know from Christian Spiritualists, if the most beautiful and cheering communications do not come and only come when the fervent prayer is offered, whether outwardly expressed or not, and when the heart of the seeker is poured out with all the intensity of a child seeking from a parent for that which is necessary for life and strength.

I for one should like to have some of the experience of Christian Spiritualists who have been developed as mediums since these outward manifestations have been known, and learn from them whether I assert the truth here or not, whether Christ was man or not or whether he was more than man.

May I ask for some light from them through your columns, may I hope to see some records of their faith in Spiritualism showing that the dead do live and that these unfoldings have tended to draw them nearer and yet nearer to the great exemplar of peace and purity, the man CHRIST JESUS? If so, then we can demonstrate to the world, and to bigots in churches, who fain would cast a stigma on us for believing that there is a vitality in his teachings that can be demonstrated now in our day; that the day of miracle, so called, *has not passed away*, but *that faith is dead*, and we all may be inspired; we will only seek for it from the great FATHER OF SPIRITS, whom we term GOD.

Come then friends who have for years professed to be followers of Christ, whether Catholics or Presbyterians, whether Baptists or Episcopalians, or by whatever designation known in the world, come all of you who have dared to seek for truth, and tell us what think you of Christ?

F. S.

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THIRTY-FIVE.

"The years of man's life are three score and ten."

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Oh, weary heart! thou art half-way home!
We stand on life's meridian height—
As far from childhood's morning come,
As to the grave's forgetful night,
Give Youth and Hope a parting tear—
Youth started with us at the prow,—
Hope promised but to bring us here,
And reason takes the guidance now—
One backward look—the last—the last!
One silent tear—for youth is past!

Who goes with Hope and Passion back?
Who comes with me and Memory on?
Oh, lonely looks the downward track—
Joy's music hush'd—Hope's roses gone!
To Pleasure and her giddy troupe
Farewell, without a sigh or tear!
But heart gives way, and spirits droop,
To think that Love may leave us here!
Have we no charm when Youth is flown—
Midway to death left sad and lone?

Yet, stay!—as 'twere a twilight star
That sends its thread across the wave,
I see a brightning light from far,
Steal down a path beyond the grave!
And now—bless God!—its golden line
Comes o'er and lights my shadowy way,
And shows the dear hand clasp'd in mine!
But, list! what those sweet voices say;—
The better land's in sight,
And by its chastening light,
All love from life's midway is driven,
Save her whose clasped hand will bring thee on to Heaven!

From the Portland Transcript and Eclectic.

BE TRUE.

Why will not men throw off the masks
That hide their better selves from view,
And let the false be all unseen,
The visible be true?

Why should we seek to shadow forth
Emotions that we do not feel?
By cunning frown, or hollow smile
Our real thoughts conceal?

Full well I honor every friend
Who frankly chides me if I err:
I cannot love the man who lies—
The heartless flatterer.

And I would rather hear the truth,
Although it censure you or me:
Though praise is sweet, let it be just,
Or let it never be. H. I.

QUEEN VICTORIA HETERODOX—RELIGIOUS EXCITEMENT.

We copy the following from the *Daily Times* of this city, as it may aid the reader in translating the *liberalism* of the lecture lately delivered by lord John Russell, which was published in a late issue of this paper. These phases of life although they may appear of secondary importance in themselves, are nevertheless of that class of influences which aid progress and develop revolutions. The *constructive* Spiritualist, therefore, should watch the progress of events, as they outline the genius of the age, and point out the defects of our governments, social systems, religious forms, and conventional usages, all of which bespeak the advent of a higher civilization, in which peace and righteousness shall reign.—*El. Ch. Spt.*

"For some weeks past the ecclesiastical circles of England have been thrown into great excitement by some delicate rumors affecting the orthodoxy of the visible head of the Protestant Church, as by law established. Owing to the exalted position of the lady implicated, as well as the extreme delicacy of the subject, every effort has been used to preserve the utmost secrecy, and, to use the language of the Bishop of London, "to let the matter sleep." But such things will steal out. Indeed, though the Bishop did not think proper to have the facts let loose on the world, they are said to have produced upon his pastoral mind so painful an impression as to have preyed upon a constitution already wasted with illness, and rendered his recovery, by the last accounts, almost hopeless.

It may be remembered that this good Bishop had, within the last few years, brought a cohort of troubles around him by his coquettings with Romanism. He was what is called a Puseyite, which, compared with Roman Catholicism, is as mock turtle is to the genuine soup. The elaborate thesis in which he decided that it was lawful to place candles upon the altars in Protestant Churches, but not to light them, can hardly be forgotten yet, and will entitle him to theological immortality.

To him, then, as to many others of the same strict sticklers for church authority, a rumor for some time prevalent that the queen's consort was, in religious belief, a Unitarian or perhaps even a Deist, had given much anxiety. At the period of Prince Albert's marriage, the question of his supposed faith was very eagerly canvassed, and tho' almost every religion in the Empire claimed him as a disciple, the peculiar versatility of the family, where interest was concerned, justifying a liberality of conclusion, still the Church of England on calm review made up its mind that he was on the whole safe. Rumors which however have flitted across its vision now and then for some years past, have rather disturbed this confidence. It has been whispered that not only is Prince Albert a Unitarian, or at best, a low Churchman, but that he has inoculated the Queen with his dangerous doctrines. Some very recent circumstances have given strength to the doubts and almost carried the matter to a crisis. We desire simply to state the facts as they have come to our knowledge.

The Queen of England is a very good-hearted and noble-minded woman, who has ever taken the deepest concern in the truly cruel and wretched condition of some millions of her subjects, who had not the advantage of being the offspring of either of the Westminster or Manchester Lords, or either rich prelates, or clever lawyers; and she has consequently on many occasions expressed great sympathy, without much regard to form, with all those inculcations of religious truth which rather tend to exact a more practical illustration of brotherly love. Not that she ever slipped the faintest word that might be deemed heterodox by the most ultra-Anglican, but the sympathies she expressed with generous liberal humanitarian ideas in general were quite sufficient to throw in the eyes of the Anglican prelacy a sort of cloud around her. She loved the forms of Christianity too little—its practice too well. All this feeling has at last assumed shape.

It seems that while the Queen was at her Highland home in Scotland, catching the mountain breeze, and climbing up bank and brae with her bonnie bairns, it was her practice, in the words of the Court Chronicle, to honor with her attendance, accompanied by Prince Albert and the rest of the Royal Family, the neighboring Church of Balmoral. The pastor of this Church was Mr. Caird, one of those clergymen who are organically fitted for their high calling by high mental and generously developed emotional faculties; and his sermons, although without the remotest taint of an attack upon existing formal Church rubrics, yet breathed enough of a deep, soul-stirring spirit of practical Christianity to make them obnoxious to all those of his colleagues of lower thought and colder heart.

It appears that the Queen took occasion to express, without reserve, her opinion of the practical and beneficial character of Mr. Caird's sermons.—As long as this was but a private sentiment, it was passed by; but a mark of public recognition, which has recently been given, has suddenly struck the Church of England, and roused every languid parson in the land,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

The Queen has expressed, through Prince Albert, to Mr. Caird, her admiration of his discourses, and commanded the publication of one, in particular, entitled, *The Religion of Common Life.* In this sermon, not a word is uttered about the rubric, genuflexion, bowings towards the East, candles, confession, and things of that class, but simply that which Christ commanded, "to love our neighbors as ourselves." If this were but enforced, whence would come the caparisoned steeds and splendid mansions, and purple and fine linen of the Established Clergy of the Church of England? Indeed of this class the Bishop of London was a splendid type. Of noble presence and haughty carriage, Wolsey in his palmiest day could not have borne himself with more insupportable church pomp and pride than did Bishop Bloomfield. His mansion in St. James' Square was fitted up with a royal magnificence, and the Episcopal seat at Fulham, looking for half a mile along its banks upon the Thames, is known to most Americans as among the most beautiful of the many beautiful seats of the lords spiritual and temporal of England. The revenue of the Bishopric of London is immense, and including lease fines cannot be less than £100,000 a year. It is daily increasing in value, too, as the portion of London in which the property is placed, running along Hyde Park Terrace and Gardens and the squares around, is scarcely second to any other in fashionable *prestige.* It can scarcely be wondered that men living in such luxurious affluence should have an objection to the "Christianity of common life," and should feel uneasy at the propagation of doctrines which may lead to unpleasant inquiries into how far the present gorged and pampered State Church is consistent with the Divine foundation. In this case, at least, the country, which is decidedly strong Low Church in its feelings, will sustain the opinion of the Queen, as expressed through Prince Albert. The feeling against all State establishment is growing both in the country and the House of Commons stronger every day, and nothing really saves the Established Church but the indisposition of the people to touch an institution, and the fear that in destroying one, a spirit may be raised which will not be satisfied but in the destruction of others equally burdensome and useless.

THE DREAM OF PUETRARCA.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

When I was younger, I was fond of wandering in solitary places, and never was afraid of slumbering in woods and grottos. Among the chief pleasures of my life, and among the commonest of my occupations, was the bringing before me such heroes and heroines of antiquity, such poets and sages, such of the prosperous and of the unfortunate, as most interested me, by their courage, their wisdom, their eloquence, or their adventures. Engaging them in the conversation best suited to their characters, I knew perfectly their manners, their steps, their voices; and often did I moisten with my tears the models I had been forming of the less happy. Great is the privilege of entering into the studies of the intellectual; great is that of conversing with the guides of nations, the movers of the mass, the regulators of the unruly will, stiff in its impurity, and rash against the finger of the Almighty Power that formed it; but give me rather the creature to sympathize with, apportion me the sufferings to assuage. Allegory had few attractions for me; believing it to be the delight, in general, of idle, frivolous, inexcursive minds, in whose mansions there is neither hall nor portal to receive the loftier of the Passions. A stranger to the affections, she holds a low station among the handmaidens of Poetry, being fit for little but an apparition in a mask. I had reflected for some time on this subject, when, wearied with the length of my walk over the mountains, and finding a soft old molehill, covered with gray grass by the wayside, I laid my head upon it, and slept. I cannot tell how long it was before a species of dream, or vision, came over me.

Two beautiful youths appeared beside me; each was winged; but the wings were hanging down, and seemed ill adapted to flight. One of them whose voice was the softest I ever heard, looking at me frequently, said to the other, "He is under my guardianship for the present; do not awaken him with that feather." Methought, on hearing the whisper, I saw something like the feather of an arrow, and then the arrow itself, the whole of it, even to the point; although he carried it in such a manner that it was difficult, at first, to discover more than a palm's length of it; the rest of the shaft (and the whole of the barb) was behind his ancles.

"This feather never awakens any one," replied he, rather petulantly; "but it brings more of confident security, and more of cherished dreams, than you, without me, are capable of imparting."

"Be it so!" answered the gentler; "none is less inclined to quarrel or dispute than I am. Many whom you have wounded grievously, call upon me for succor; but so little am I disposed to thwart you, it is seldom I venture to do more for them than to whisper a few words of comfort in passing. How many reproaches, on these occasions, have been cast upon me for indifference and infidelity! Nearly as many, and nearly in the same terms, as upon you."

"Odd enough that we, O Sleep! should be thought so much alike!" said Love, contemptuously. "Yonder is he who bears a stronger resemblance to you; the dullest have observed it."

I fancied I turned my eyes to where he was pointing, and saw, at a distance, the figure he designated. Meanwhile, the contention went on uninterruptedly. Sleep was slow in asserting his power or his benefits. Love recapitulated them; but only that he might assert his own above them. Suddenly he called on me to decide, and choose my patron. Under the influence, first of the one, then of the other, I sprang from repose to rapture, I alighted from rapture on repose, and knew not which was sweetest. Love was very angry with me, and declared he would cross me throughout the whole of my existence. Whatever I might on other occasions have thought of his veracity, I now felt too surely the conviction that he would keep his word. At last, before the close of the altercation, the third Genius had advanced, and stood near us. I cannot tell how I knew him, but I knew him to be the Genius of Death. Breathless as I was at beholding him, I soon became familiar with his features. First they seemed only calm: presently they grew contemplative; and lastly beautiful: those of the Graces themselves are less regular, less harmonious, less composed. Love glanced at him unsteadily, with a countenance in which there was somewhat of anxiety, somewhat of disdain; and cried, "Go away! go away! Nothing that thou touchest lives."

"Say rather, child," replied the advancing form, and advancing, grew loftier and statelier, "say, rather, that nothing of beautiful or of glorious lives in its own true life until my wing hath passed over it."

Love pouted, and rumpled and bent down with his forefinger the stiff, short feathers on his arrow head; but replied not. Although he frowned worse than ever, and at me, I dreaded him less and less, and scarcely looked toward him. The milder and calmer Genius, the third, in proportion as I took courage to contemplate him, regarded me with more and more complacency. He held neither flower nor arrow, as the others did; but throwing back the clusters of dark curls that overshadowed his countenance, he presented to me his hand, openly and benignly. I shrank on looking at him so near; and yet I sighed to love him. He smiled, not without an expression of pity, at perceiving my diffidence, my timidity; for I remembered how soft was the hand of Sleep, how warm and entrancing was Love's. By degrees, I grew ashamed of my ingratitude; and, turning my face away, I held out my arms, and felt my neck within his. Composure allayed all the throbbings of my bosom, the coolness of freshest morning breathed around, the heavens seemed to open above me, while the beautiful cheek of my deliverer rested on my head. I would now have looked for those others; but knowing my intention by my gesture, he said consolatorily, "Sleep is on his way to the earth, where many are calling him; but it is not to them he hastens; for every call makes him fly further off. Sedately and gravely as he looks, he is nearly as capricious and volatile as the more arrogant and ferocious one."

"And Love," said I, "whither has he departed? If not too late, I would propitiate and appease him."

"He who cannot follow me, he who cannot overtake and pass," said the Genius, "is unworthy of the name, the most glorious in earth or heaven. Look up! Love is yonder; and ready to receive you."

I looked; the earth was under me: I saw only the clear blue sky, and something brighter above it.

From the Portland Transcript and Eclectic.

THE SOUL OF MAN.

The animals below man are all obviously made to fill some useful sphere in the great scale of animated being. Interesting investigations have been made concerning their mental powers. Among certain grades of them, a close approximation to the possession of the endowment of reason has been observed. This has been the case in respect of some of the domesticated animals, and very especially of the elephant, both in his tamed and untamed state. As a consequence, that whole class of beasts has been described by the emphatic expression, "the half-reasoning elephant."

But we are wanting evidence from the nature and fitness of things, that any order of creatures below the human race, are the possessors of that which we usually denominate "the soul." The sacred writings give not the slightest indications that any part of the mental constitution which appertains to them, shall survive them when they shall have become disorganized in death. If each or any of them have a soul which will exist in a disembodied state and even forever, why should not the Infinite One have so informed us, in order that, while they are doing us service, we might, at the same time, treat them as the destined heirs of immortality with ourselves?

But has man a soul? a soul immortal, too? When we consider the intellectual powers with which he is endowed, do we not see in him the adaptedness to be immortal? When we consider his moral faculties, which capacitate him for the worship of such a Being as Jehovah has declared himself to be, shall we not say he is fitted to exist through unending ages? How strong in man the dread of annihilation! How great the desire to be, either in the memory of his race, or in the reality of life itself, in perpetual existenee? It is no wonder that numerous minds, and especially the great minds of the heathen world, should have favored the idea that the human soul will never die, but will live on in ceaseless expansion, in another mode of being.

The Scriptures dissipate every cloud, and all the mists of doubtfulness on this great question. Did not Christ exhort his disciples, when he sent them forth to preach the glad tidings of salvation to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, not to fear those who kill the body but are not able to kill the soul? Is it not most clearly affirmed concerning him, as our Lord and Saviour, that he hath brought life and immortality to light by his gospel? In harmony with this, do we not have glimpses and assurances throughout the volume of inspiration, particularly the New Testament, of the future and everlasting awards of mankind, within the boundaries of the spirit-world.

O, we are not like the beasts that perish.—

Our souls will never cease their existence—never, no, never. Thou, who art now dwelling on the earth, in a tenement of clay, with all thine inability to comprehend eternal duration, still thou art immortal—thy continuance of future being will be coequal with that of the Being of whom it is said, 'from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.'

Is this true of us all—of the whole human race? Why then do we and thousands besides ourselves, think so much pertaining merely to our clay-form, which must commingle again with the elements of which this terrestrial ball is composed, and so little concerning our souls? O, what are temporal interests compared with the vast benefit of having the kingdom of heaven set up within our souls! compared with eternal concerns and welfare! What—O, what so important as the religious culture, the moral wealth, and the spiritual adorning of the imperishable souls which our Creator has given us? What so important as to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and to live upon the principle that Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come?

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

The cardinal principle of our republican institutions is the equality of man. That there should be no distinctions of rank, that rich and poor should be the same before the law, and that the law itself should be enacted by representatives chosen by the whole community, are paramount principles with the free comm wealths of this American Union.

Too many persons, however, ignore the true origin of these doctrines. It is neither to Jefferson, nor to the war of independence, nor to the town government of New England, nor even to our Anglo-Saxon blood, as different theorists have asserted, that we owe this general acknowledgment of the equality of man. The fathers of our liberty only re-asserted a great principle which had been preached, centuries before, among the hills and valleys of Judea: for it is to the teachings of Christianity, as recorded at first hand, in the four Gospels, that we owe this recognition of the rights of man. Nowhere is the brotherhood of our race—the essential equality of all humanity in sufferings, in duties, in destiny, and in a common claim for sympathy—so fully or so eloquently set forth, as in the parables and sermons of the Great Teacher.

In this particular, Christianity holds a pre-eminence over all other religions, which alone ought to establish its divine origin. Neither the sacred books of the Hindoos, nor the theology of Egypt, taught this brotherhood of man; but, on the contrary, Brahminism is the faith which, of all others, draws the line of caste most strictly. The intellectual Greeks and the law-abiding Romans were equally oblivious of this vitalizing principle. The great philosophers of antiquity, amid all their speculations, never realized that the beggar and the slave were as fully men as the orator, the statesman or the king. That belief in the essential brotherhood of the race, which characterizes the best-developed Commonwealths of the American Union, was utterly unknown to the acute Athenian, or to his successor in dominion, the Roman. Neither in the laws, the literature, nor the religion of any people, prior to the Christian dispensation, do we find the brotherhood of man taught or recognized.

But of Christianity, so far at least as it refers to the affairs of this world, it is the very corner-stone. No man can read the Four Gospels with an impartial mind—no man, especially, can read them as he would a new book of philosophy strangely discovered, without feeling that, in no volume extant, is it so emphatically taught, that man's duty is, as a brother to all men, to visit the sick, to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to succor the widow and fatherless, to comfort the prisoner, and even to have sympathy for the outcast. The fundamental principle which underlies all the teachings of Him, "who went about doing good," is, that we should do unto others as we would that others should do unto us, and this because the Creator held rich and poor, great and small, equal before his eyes, because he had made all nations of "one kindred, and lineage and blood." The political equality which our free institutions accord, is an attempt, after eighteen centuries, to organize this divine sentiment on earth. It falls far short, indeed, of the original idea; but it is a movement towards it, and the herald of future progress.

A century ago, the French atheists, stealing this noble idea from the religion they renounced, put it forth to the world as original with themselves. Even now, there are those who are victims of the cheat, and who look upon Rousseau, Voltaire, and D'Alembert as the first assertors of the rights of man. But if the Great Teacher, that "man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief," had not taught the brotherhood of man, centuries before. we may be certain that these modern philosophers would have been no wiser or better in this respect than the greater sages of antiquity.—*Phila. Ledger.*

BEAUTIFUL IN DEATH.

The following passage is taken from a volume of lectures by C. R. Leslie, an English painter of distinction. The facts stated are remarkable, differing as they do so widely from our every day experience. Few artists have felt the emotions described by the writer when in the presence of the dead:

I knew a man of the highest order of mind, a man of fine feelings, but of great simplicity, and far above all affectation, who standing before the corpse of his wife, said, "It gives me very pleasurable sensations!" And yet he truly loved her. The lines to 'The Giaour,' in which the present aspect of Greece is compared to a beautiful corpse, are familiar to every reader. Lord Byron, in a note to the passage, remarks that "this peculiar beauty remains but a few hours after death." But I have been told by those who are in the habit of making casts, that on the second the expression is generally improved, and even on the third day, it is often still finer. I have, in several instances, been asked to make drawings of the dead; and though in every case I have entered the room where the body lay somewhat reluctantly, yet I have invariably felt reluctant to quit it. At Kretzborg, near Bonn, there is a Church under the pavement of which lie, in one vault, the bodies of twenty-five monks in open coffins. The dryness of the air has preserved them from decay, though the last buried had lain more than a century. I visited this church with a party of ladies, who at first hesitated to descend into the abode of the dead. We all went down, carrying a lighted taper, and such was the fascination of this singular scene that we lingered in it for some time. The air was perfectly pure, and we seemed to be in another world, with its own eternal interests. It seems to us a mistake that death should be represented by poets or by painters as a hideous phantom. We could not contemplate those withered faces of old men—for they seemed old—and think of death otherwise than as a gentle friend. Their attitudes were varied, and all had a kind of grace which, though we knew it to be arranged by their friends, seemed perfectly natural. One, the gardener, had a chaplet of withered leaves round his head. All were clothed in the dress of their order; and their clothes, as well as their bodies, though the last were dried to mummies, appeared to be little decayed. The cast, very imperfectly taken, by Dr. Antomarchi, from the face of Napoleon, is more handsome than any bust or portrait of him, and, indeed, has the look of a much younger man than he appears in the latest portraits. This is easily accounted for.—Illness had reduced the superabundant fleshiness of the lower part of his face, and brought it back to the condition of an early period; and death, by leaving the mouth slightly open, had destroyed that expression of selfish determination which the thin, compressed lips, give to every portrait of Napoleon. The profile of the cast is the most perfectly beautiful profile of a man I ever saw.—*Brunswick Telegraph.*

RELIGIOUS DISSENSIONS AMONG THE JEWS.

From an article in the New York *Evening Post* we gather some information in regard to certain disputes which agitate the Jewish religious world, which is divided into two parties. The first and most numerous body of the Jews are the Orthodox, who regard the Talmud, a collection of the writings and opinions of some sixteen or seventeen hundred Rabbins, compiled between the second and sixth centuries of the Christian era, as "a legal and obligatory commentary of the Bible." The Talmud contains a vast miscellany of commentaries, doctrines and parables, which in the opinion of most biblical scholars, are of great service in illustrating and explaining the obscure texts of the Old Testament. By the Orthodox Jews, it is regarded as a supplement to the Pentateuch, including, as is said, that portion of the laws delivered on Mount Sinai which Moses did not record, and which, for hundred of years, were preserved only by oral traditions. It is therefore esteemed as of equal authority with the written laws, although much of it, to the common mind, appears absurd, frivolous and unscriptural. The Reformed Jews are those who, while admitting the value of the Talmud to a certain extent for the purposes of biblical exegesis, deny its divine and binding authority. A convention of the two parties was held at Cincinnati last October, for the purpose of reconciling their religious differences, when the matter was compromised by the adoption of the following principles:

"1. The Bible, as delivered to us by our fathers, and as now in our possession, is of immediate Divine origin, and the standard of our religion.

"2. The Talmud contains the traditional, legal, and logical exposition of the Biblical laws, which must be practiced and expounded according to the comments of the Talmud."

The advantages of this compromise are decidedly in favor of the Orthodox party, for, although they surrender the assertion of the inspiration of the Talmud, the Reform party are compelled to admit that it is a binding and legal commentary upon the Bible. This settlement has apparently healed the divisions in the Jewish church in this country, but one society (in Baltimore) having protested against it.—*Advent Herald.*

GREAT EVENTS FROM SLIGHT CAUSES.

How momentous are the results of apparently trivial circumstances. When Mohammed was flying from his enemies, he took refuge in a cave, which his pursuers would have entered had they not seen a spider's web at the entrance. Not knowing that it was freshly woven, they passed by the cave—thus a spider's web changed the entire history of the world.

When Louis VII., to obey the injunctions of the bishops, cropped his head and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him looking very ridiculous. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II., of England. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Judder and Guienne, and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of money. All this had probably never occurred had Louis not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of Eleanor.

Warton mentions, in his "Notes on Pope," that the treaty of Utrecht was occasioned by a quarrel between the Dutchess of Marlborough and Queen Annie about a pair of gloves.

The frailty of the daughter of Count Julian introduced the Saracens into Spain.

"What can be imagined more trivial," remarks Hume, in one of his essays, "than the difference between one color livery and another in horse races? Yet this difference begat two most important factions in the Greek empire, the Prasini and Veneti, who never suspended their animosities till they ruined that unhappy government.

The murder of Cæsar in the Capitol was chiefly owing to his not rising in his seat when the Senate tendered him some particular honors.

The negotiations with the Pope for dissolving Henry the VIII.'s marriage (which brought on the Reformation) are said to have been interrupted by the Earl of Wiltshire's dog biting his Holiness on the toe, when he put it out to be kissed by that ambassador; and the Dutchess of Marlborough's spilling a basin of water on Mrs. Mashham's gown, in Queen Anne's reign, brought in the tory ministry, and gave a new turn to the affairs of Europe. "If the nose of Cleopatra had been shorter," said Pascal, in his epigramatic and brilliant manner, "the affairs of the world would have been different."

Luther might have been a lawyer, had his friend and companion escaped the thunder-storm. Scotland had wanted her stern reformer, if the appeal of the preacher had not startled him in the chapel of St. Andrew's castle, and if Mr. Greenville had not carried, in 1764, his memorable resolution as to the expediency of charging certain stamp duties on the plantations in America, the Western world might have still bowed to the British sceptre.

Giotto, one of the early Florentine painters, might have continued to be a rude shepherd boy, if a sheep, drawn by him upon a stone had not accidentally attracted the notice of Ciambue.—*Ex.*

THE HOUSEHOLD "GOOD NIGHT."

"Good night!" A loud, clear voice from the stairs said that it was Tommy's. "Dood night!" murmurs a little something from the trundle-bed—a little something that we call Jenny, that filled a large place in the centre of one or two pretty large hearts. "Good night!" lisps a little fellow in a plain rifle dress, who was christened Willie about six years ago.

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I w-a-k-e—"

and the small bundle in the trundle-bed has dropped off to sleep, but an angel will finish the broken prayer, and it will go up sooner than many long-winded petitions that set out a great while before it.

And so it was "Good night" all around the homestead; and very sweet music it made, too, in the twilight, and very pleasant melody it makes now, as we think of it, for it was not yesterday, nor the day before, but a long time ago—so long that Tommy is Thomas Somebody, Esq., and has forgotten that he ever was a boy, and wore what the bravest and richest of us can never wear but once if we try—the first pair of boots; so long ago that Willie must stoop when he crosses the threshold; so long ago that Jenny has gone the way of the old prayer she was saying—for saying another she did as before, fell asleep when she said it and never waked more. Good night to thee, Jenny—good night.

And so it was good night all around the house; and the children had gone through the ivory gate, always left a little ajar for them—through into the land of Dreams, or the golden one they call "Beautiful," into the land of Angels.

A WONDERFUL MIRROR.—Among the curiosities to be met with in the Paris Exposition, was a huge concave mirror, the instrument of a startling species of optical magic. On standing close to it, it presents nothing but a magnificently monstrous dissection of your physiognomy. On retiring a couple of feet, it gives your own face and figure in true proportion but reversed, the head downwards. But retire still further, standing at the distance of five or six feet from the mirror, and behold, you see yourself, not a reflection—it does not strike you as a reflection—but your veritable self, *standing in the middle part beyond you and the mirror.* The effect is almost appalling, from the idea it suggests of something supernatural; so startling, in fact, that men of the strongest nerves will shrink involuntarily at the first view. If you raise your cane to thrust at your other self, you will see it pass clean through the body, and appear on the other side, the figure thrusting at you at the same instant. The artist who first succeeded in fashioning a mirror of this description, brought it to one of the French kings—if we recollect aright, it was Louis XV.—placing his Majesty on the right spot and bade him draw his sword, and thrust at the figure he saw. The king did so; but seeing the point of a sword directed to his own breast, threw down his weapon and ran away. The practical joke cost the inventor the king's patronage and favor; his Majesty being afterwards so ashamed of his own cowardice, that he would never again look at the mirror or its owner.—*Portland Transcript.*

MADAME PFEIFFER ON AMERICAN WOMEN.

In the private schools for girls—seminaries, they call them—all manner of arts and sciences, including the Latin and Greek languages, are taught, or said to be taught. When I asked what was the use of teasing the girls with these dead languages, the reply was, that they might more easily learn the languages derived from them—Italian, French, &c.; and one might therefore suppose that the ladies of America would be especial proficients in the latter; but this was very far from being the case, for I think I have in no country fonnd fewer who were familiar with foreign languages.

This one-sided education, in which all that is most peculiarly feminine is entirely neglected, is, I think, one great cause of that uneasy longing for what they call emancipation that characterizes American women.

They might begin, one would suppose, by emancipating themselves in their own houses. Domestic occupations must, after all, be attended to by somebody; and surely it had better be by the women than the men. It is not necessary that they should perform the offices of servant; but, if they do not understand how work of the domestic kind ought to be done, the servants of the house will, ere long, become the masters. The girls in my own country also study foreign languages, music, history, and so forth; but they find time, too, to make themselves acquainted with womanly duties.

I remember once going to visit a lady in New York, and, finding her from home, was informed by the servant that they were going to move, and that the mistress had gone into the country till it was over, and the new house put in order.

And who in the world, I thought is to superintend the moving? Doubtless the husband, though he had his business to attend to. I should not be surprised to hear that the ladies here required their lords and masters to teach their nursery-maids how to wash and dress the children.

It is, I imagine, because the American women are fond of emancipating themselves from the trouble of housekeeping, and the men have really sometimes too much to do, or are not inclined to perform the duties of their wives as well as their own, that married people get into the abominable custom of living in boarding houses—a custom that draws all kinds of evil consequences after it. A young and handsome woman is thus often brought into the society of people whose character is far from the best, and this must be so much the more dangerous as she has no household duties to occupy her mind, and her children are sent when only four years old to school. It is by no means uncommon even for unmarried girls who find the life in their parents' houses too quiet, or otherwise not to their taste, to leave them and go into boarding-houses.

There is, however, one domestic duty, as it is but fair to mention, which is more generally fulfilled by American women than by mothers in the continental countries of Europe, namely, that of suckling their infants themselves. Except in the slave States, this office is scarcely ever entrusted to a hired nurse, and may Heaven grant that it never may be.

In the exceptional cases where girls have at the same time an aversion to feminine employments and a strong vocation towards some art or science, and are likely to carry it to perfection, they should be allowed to pursue it; but they should not do so by halves, but, if they aspire to become doctors and professors, renounce all thoughts of being wives also; for it is difficult, if not impossible, to perform at the same time the duties of man and woman; and let the advocates of this kind of emancipation not forget, that there is no sphere of action more beautiful and noble than the one they have turned away from. In the hands of every mother lies one of the most precious treasures of every state. It is the mother who must inspire her child in its tenderest years with the love of duty and of virtue, and first set it in the way by which it may become a worthy and perhaps a great and important member of the social body. A wise and thoughtful housewife, a rational and loving mother, will, after all, realize the ideal of feminine perfection.

There are in the United States such extraordinary numbers of poetesses, authoresses, female composers, and so forth, that, if I were to mention the names of all who have been introduced to me as such, I should fill whole pages with them. Doubtless thtre are among these many highly gifted; but whoever has only written a few verses or a little essay, or composed a waltz or a polka, immediately assumes the high-sounding title of poetess, composer, &c.; thinking, I suppose, to make up for the insignificance of the work by the grandeur of the name—and names *certainly* do go very far in the United States.—*Madame Pfeiffer's Second Journey Round the World.*

MULTUM IN PARVO.—A sophist writing to puzzle Thales the Milesian, one of the wise men of Greece, proposed to him in quick succession the following questions, and with how much propriety and discretion our readers can judge for themselves:

What is the oldest of all things?
God; because he has always existed.
What is the most beautiful?
The world: because it is the work of God.
What is the greatest of all things?
Space; because it contains all that is created.
What is the quickest?
Thought; because in a moment it can fly to the end of the universe.
What is the strongest?
Necessity; because it makes men face all dangers of life.
What is the most difficult?
To know thyself.
What is the most constant of all things?
Hope; because it still remains with man after he has lost everything else.

WAYS OF COMMITTING SUICIDE.—Wearing thin shoes on damp nights in rainy weather.

Building on the "air-tight" principle.

Leading a life of enfeebling stupid laziness or keeping the mind in a round of unnatural excitement by reading trashy novels.

Going to balls in all sorts of weather in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home through the damp air.

Sleeping on feather beds in seven by nine bedrooms.

Surfeiting on hot and very highly stimulating dinners.

Beginning in childhood on tea, and going on from one step to another, through coffee, chewing tobacco, smoking and drinking.

Marrying in haste, getting an uncongenial companion, and living the rest of life in mental dissatisfaction.

Keeping children quiet by teaching them to suck candy.

Eating without time to masticate the food.

Allowing love of gain to so absorb our minds as to leave no time to attend to our health.

Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

Tempting the appetite with niceties when the stomach says no.

Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing.

Retiring at midnight and rising at noon.

Gormandizing between meals.

Giving way to fits of anger.

Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves when a simple disease first appears.